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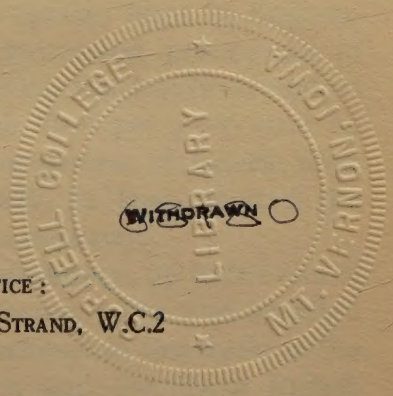

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1937

THE FATE OF BRITISH FILMS

BY JOHN GRIERSON

I.

BOTH in their origins and in their constituent elements the recent boom and present crisis of British film production are inseparably linked with the Quota Act and its endeavour to settle the most outstanding problem of film economics in Britain—that of Anglo-American relations. In the post-war period prior to 1927 the Americans enjoyed a practical monopoly of the British film market, condemning the struggling British producers to virtual extinction. By making it incumbent upon any distributor of foreign films in England to acquire and distribute also an increasing percentage of British-produced films—i.e., by compelling the American renters to finance a definite number of British films per year—and by enforcing the exhibition of a similar proportion of British films in all cinemas, the Quota Act of 1927, in fact, created the economic basis for a British production industry.

The consequent development of that industry, up to the end of 1936, assumed three clearly distinct forms. The first resulted in the type of film contemptuously described in the trade as the "quota quickie." Obliged to acquire and distribute British films of a total footage determined by the quantity of their own imports, the American renters at first, naturally, resolved to pay this new tax bill at the lowest possible assessment. They contracted with numerous independent British producers for the supply of a certain number of films of fixed length to be made for a lump sum at the lowest possible cost. In the case of two companies they themselves produced similar films in subsidiary establishments. Thus the production policy of this sphere of the young industry came to be exclusively controlled by its American paymasters. Creative work had to be carried out under unbelievable conditions of speed, especially if the films

were produced on contract by independents. In the case of one American company the time allowed for the production of each film was rigidly limited to a fortnight. The financial resources available for this work were the minimum possible. Cramped for time, cramped for sets and stories, the Quota branch of the British film industry, producing one half of all films made in England (while two-thirds of all films shown in England are still American) emerged as the Cinderella of the movie trade.

But wherever in the real or the imaginative life of the world's peoples the Cinderella *motif* has appeared the poor neglected child is accompanied by her wealthy sisters arrayed in luxury. The wealthy sisters are represented in the second section of the British film industry.

In 1933 a company formed by a young Hungarian producer in the preceding year, London Film Productions, achieved a sensational world success with *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* Stories of its enormous profits inflamed the imagination of British financiers craving for rapid and highly remunerative returns on their still largely idle capital. It so happened that just at this time there was an influx of directors and ace-technicians deprived of their former work by the rise of Hitler. Moreover, the fact that Mr. Korda had solved his distribution problem by means of an agreement with one of the main American companies (United Artists), pointed the way towards a new and highly attractive solution of the Quota problem. British production of super-films with Hollywood stars by continental celebrities for world distribution through American renters was the proud standard under which Cinderella's ambitious sister led the whole of the British production industry towards boom and crash.

By the end of 1935 eleven British production units of this type had distribution arrangements with United Artists alone. Contrary, however, to the state of affairs in the Cinderella section, the Americans did not provide the lavish funds required. Nor were these funds, as a rule, provided by the ordinary method of raising share capital for the new companies. They were, to an overwhelming extent, raised by means of loans, most of which were short-term loans secured on the expected profits of current

or planned productions. The total charges registered against independent production companies in England during the first ten months of 1936 alone amounted to over £4,000,000. In this manner a disproportion was established in the relation between share capital and loan money which in many instances attained grotesque proportions. Thus in October, 1936, the actual paid-up capital of one of these companies amounted to no more than £4, while outstanding charges of £415,000 were registered in its books.

The interests providing this plethora of finance concealed their identity for the most part behind the protective anonymity of trustee or nominee companies. Yet it is known that they were mainly drawn from insurance and banking circles in the City and included certain influential industrialists. The interests supporting Mr. Korda's enterprises included such important firms as the Prudential Assurance Company Limited. And a number of independent companies, which had up to then been pursuing a careful production policy for the home market, got caught in the stream of world production ambitions.

There was, however, a third line of development. This was the appearance of production enterprises (the largest, from the point of view of studio equipment and output) attached to the two largest cinema-owning groups in the country, enterprises which thus emerged as vast vertical combines engaged in the production, distribution and exhibition of films. Fortified by the guaranteed market of their cinema chains and, therefore, independent of American distribution control, these units could, if they chose, effectively produce British films for the home market. They offered a reasonable chance of economic return, if costs were related to the limits of that market. One of the two (A.B.C.—B.I.P.) consistently followed this line of action and emerged as the only English production company showing steady profits up to the end of 1936. The other (Gaumont-British) attempted with at least a part of its output to capture the world market and has since staggered that same world with the announcement that the oldest and most powerful English production company has ceased to produce films, confining its activities to the profitable sphere of cinema control.

In January, 1937, the fairy godmother with the unlimited overdraft facilities suddenly appeared as the big bad wolf. No more overdrafts, even where repayments are guaranteed by insurance firms, said the banks. The Twickenham enterprises, one of the most rapidly expanding independent groups, failed. Shortly afterwards the Gaumont studios closed their doors. Production came to a standstill, except in the Cinderella units grinding out their quota quickies, one a fortnight. And this is the atmosphere in which the British film trade and British film public alike are awaiting their Cinematograph Films Act of 1937.

Yet, this is not the whole story. Film production is too inseparably linked with the more formidable spheres of distribution and exhibition to enable us to neglect its relations with these spheres in estimating its future prospects. One of the most striking permanent results of the boom and of the loan policy which characterized it was the impetus it gave to financial concentration. After the smaller fry are eliminated by the losses resulting from their speculation, the creditors of the production companies tend to emerge as a few powerful financial groups. And the same is true not merely of the exhibition sphere, which experienced and is still experiencing a similar expansion boom with rapidly increasing mortgage charges, but also of the large combines, in which the growing load of debenture capital is giving increasing weight to the influence of the debenture trustees. Moreover, the problem of Anglo-American relations now emerges in a new form.

Since 1929 the American Fox concern (now Twentieth Century Fox) has had a considerable interest in the holding company controlling Gaumont British. In the latter part of 1936 a frustrated attempt to extend that influence by the addition of another American company (M.-G.-M.) led to the acquisition of Gaumont stock by its main English rival, Associated British Picture Corporation. Finally the decision of the Gaumont board against the joint protests of the A.B.P.C.—Fox representatives to abandon production led to yet a further extension of this formidable alliance. For by agreement the production and distribution activities of the Gaumont group passed into the hands of General Film Distributors Ltd., the

main company of the third and latest of British combines controlled by what is known as the Rank-Portal group. This group has not only acquired considerable cinema interests, but is directly associated with one of the major American companies (Universal) and indirectly with another one (United Artists).

To-day, therefore, the British public, the British film trade, and those who are called upon to legislate on their behalf are faced with a situation as formidable as the developments that produced it were fantastic. There are, in the first place, the American renters, behind whom there stand the most powerful financial interests in the United States. With their own American films they still command the greater portion of the British film market ; as producers of quota films they control an important section of British production ; while two of them have already taken the first steps towards the control of British cinema chains. There is in the second place the group of the three most powerful English combines, linked to one another and, in the case of two of them, to major American companies by cross-directorships, financial participation, or agreement, and controlling the greatest cinema chains in the country. There are finally the army of independents in all three branches of the trade, harassed, if exhibitors, by the bargaining weight of the distribution monopolies and the competition of the combines, or, if producers, chained to the treadmill of the quota quickie,—the golden mountains of the world conquerors having vanished as miraculously as they appeared.

II.

The tragedy of Britain's gold rush has not been so much in the waste of money as in the waste of creative opportunity. On the positive side—and Mr. Korda has not been slow to emphasize it—the British cinema has acquired ambition. If this ambition had gone to its task as strongly armed in personnel and organisation as in finance it might be counted a benefit. But it has not. The negative side is more apparent. For all its money, and largely by reason of the fact that money came too quickly for organisation to keep step, there has been a failure to create a system of apprenticeship and a failure to create any effective tradition of British cinema.

Lack of money, indecent haste in production, the inhibitions attaching to the production of films, doomed from the start to the contempt and sabotage of the foreign salesmen who ordered them, have been the factors preventing good work in the quota field. The best that can be said is that the mere fact of available work allowed certain young directors a first, if disagreeable, opportunity of becoming acquainted with the technical responsibilities of production. Few reputations could emerge from this quota section of the trade.

Even less can be said for the fat-sister field of luxury production. Here the tendency has been to rely on established reputations ; and City money has been largely lavished on foreign producers and technicians. The assumption that the foreigner had greater experience and ability has been justified in some cases, but by no means always. It has seemed to the observer that the City has often acted on the more naive assumption that the secret of showmanship lies with a broken accent and a mysterious past. British money has been spent in certain cases on mere adventurers. The exceptions, of course, are remarkable enough, including as they do names like Korda, Cavalcanti, Flaherty, Feyder, Clair, Seastrom and others of similar repute. The weakness is that there has not been a sufficiently careful choice of the first-rate abilities, partly because not all the promoters concerned have known how to recognise it, partly because the foreigners have brought in their train every Tom, Dick and Harry who could exercise a claim on their charity.

Aggravating the situation, from the native point of view, has been the realization that a film made in Britain is not quite the same thing as a British film. Films written, produced, starred, shot, cut and musicked by foreigners have been one freak result of our British film adventure. And there has been a sufficient dash of this wild mixture in many of our films to present a real problem. With each outburst in an alien idiom, there has been the defensive cry of internationalism, and it has seemed plausible that an article seeking an international market should have an international personnel for its creation. The United States example has been urged tirelessly, and Hollywood's brilliant collection of international celebrities quoted. What has been missed in the argument has been the fact, clear to all

good psychologists and critics, that saving the almost solitary exception of Chaplin, where the art is personal and the idiom European, it is its powerful contact with American life which gives the American cinema its character, its vitality and its capacity to travel. Our British films have not reflected the British life to anything like the same extent. Even the occasional choice of patriotic themes has not disguised a lack of really intimate contact with the national idiom. The hand of Esau has been attended by the voice of Jacob.

Of the Alexander Korda Studios at Denham it would be too much to say that the results have justified the responsibilities undertaken. Costs have been inspired by an optimism which could only be defended on the longest of views. And, looking down the list of Korda's films through *Wedding Rehearsal*, *Catherine the Great*, *Don Juan*, *Sanders of the River*, *Scarlet Pimpernel*, *Rembrandt*, *Moscow Nights*, *Taras Bulba*, and *Elephant Boy*, it is difficult to discover any considerable embodiment of a British point of view.

The exception of *Henry the Eighth* must be allowed, and even now the fate of British cinema revolves round it. The film is a curiosity in the history of British films in that it really did capture foreign markets on the grand scale—and really did say something English. Its success has been generally ascribed to its historical pageantry and to the popular attraction of its somewhat intimate study of the sex-life of royalty. The secret possibly lies deeper. The estimate of the film by Marcel Ermans, coming as it does from a foreign observer, is interesting. *Henry the Eighth*, he maintains, is a " collection of little stories and quasi-historical tittle-tattle, saved by the Shakespearean insolence of Charles Laughton's interpretation." What Ermans describes as Shakespearean insolence is what might be more simply described as the native vitality of the English music-hall. The thing that has triumphed in *Henry VIII.* would seem to be its contact with the one vulgar tradition which is in hailing distance of the British screen. Certainly, wherever 'Enery the eighth I am, I am, or his similars, has taken charge there has been the same tale of vitality and financial success.

Against the persistent claims that our production qualities must be as slick and expensive as Hollywood's if we are to

compete, it is interesting to note that the native vitality of this music hall contribution has been strong enough to survive bad production, bad scripts and bad direction alike. It has come through quota levels of finance and has been successful, wherever a sum for adequate production has been available. Over against the resplendent internationalism of Korda and all his problems of high finance one may even now set the relatively cheap and essentially native tradition which includes Gracie Fields, Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, Jack Hulbert, Will Hay, Cicely Courtneidge, George Formby, Charles Laughton and Max Miller. Its power is indicated in the fact that it has, by common consent, created a new audience for British films and has almost wholly been responsible for certain large new circuits e.g., Odeon and County.

This second tradition should, however, be regarded more as a gift from an old and brilliant medium than as a feather in the cap for British film production. Very little has been done to recreate it in film terms. If it does not travel abroad this may be less due to its parochialism of speech, which is now held against it, as to a certain parochialism of its direction. The paradox of British film production is largely this, that Korda's relatively high standards of production have been lavished on the wrong thing, and that the others' decidedly low standards have been lavished on the right. The coach, the footman, the fine clothes, could not make the wrong sister queen, and has not now. But the Cinderella of the story has still to emerge from the relatively rough attentions of Messrs. Maxwell, Woolf, Wilcox, Dean, etc., before she can be recognised for what she is.

Complementing that contact with the national idiom through music hall is the more curious record of the documentary film. Born in the propaganda service of Government departments it has built up from the difficult materials of industry, commerce, national organisation and social service, a type and style of film which, of all British film efforts, has been the only one to be respected and imitated abroad. Though its sphere of influence is concentrated in the short film, it points directly to the prestige which might attach to native work well done. The documentary film is likely to have an increasing importance in

the industry. It has deliberately, for some years, set itself to training young technicians for the industry and may be expected in the future to supply its quota of directors. Trained in the terms of pure film—far ahead of the studios, for example, in the imaginative use of sound—they may be expected to counterbalance the staid imitation of theatrical methods which has till now prevailed. Most important of all, the documentary training, with its constant contact with real things and real people must open British eyes increasingly to the rich mine of human material which lies beyond the present purview of the studios. Here there is some guarantee of an influence—both critical and creative—which may bring the British film, like the American, into contact with reality.

From a creative point of view the choice lies between two schools of thought. The first school seeks to create an export industry, relying for success on expensive production and an international personnel. The second school seeks equally to create an international market but relies for success on making films which are essentially British and have the guarantee of vitality that comes from a native product. The second school, further, maintains that the elements of a successful British cinema are now present and that the effective weakness is in the personnel of production control. In the matter of cost there is the same division of opinion. The first school maintains that the secret of American success is that it can budget against an assured international market and that the extra money available makes all the difference in quality and appeal. The second school maintains that large expenditure is not, in fact, the secret of American success, but abler and more efficient production. They maintain that much of the cost in British luxury film production could be eliminated, by better organisation, a strict watch on extravagance and waste, avoidance of unnecessary spectacle and a heavy cut in the fantastic salaries of stars and executives. They hold that, so far from films having to cost hundreds of thousands of pounds, they could be made for as little as twelve thousand pounds (an economic level for independent production) and, given the elements of efficiency, imagination and character, there is nothing to prevent the production of first-class films for fifty to sixty thousand pounds.

Perhaps it would be too much to expect the Board of Trade to consider the creation of such imponderables as efficiency, imagination and character, in an Act of Parliament. But they are clearly the operative factors. In view of this, it is interesting to observe the emphasis of the new Quota proposals and their difference from those made by Lord Moyne's committee.

III.

I must presume, for reasons of space, that readers of this article are familiar with the broad lines of the recommendations presented by the Moyne Committee in their reports of November 11, 1936. They included a proposal for the establishment, by the Government, of a Film Commission, the personnel of which would be entirely independent of any professional or pecuniary interest in any branch of the film industry, while the Commission should be represented in the House of Commons by a Minister or in some other way.

What is more particularly relevant to my theme—though again space forbids me to enlarge upon it—is the attitude taken up in the face of these reports by the various sections of the trade. (One and all, it may be said, i.e., exhibitors, renters and producers opposed any suggestion of a scheme for placing the industry under outside control.)

From the confusion of voices one fact emerges clearly—that the big interests of whatever denomination stand together and the independent interests of whatever denomination do likewise. The battle of the quota Act is only in one aspect a battle for British films. Much more seriously it is a battle for survival on the part of the small men and the simple films.

The American renters' point of view is easily understood. At all costs limit the number of British films. Kill the bargaining power of the exhibitor. Be in a position to starve him out and bring him under direct control. This particularly applies to the independent exhibitor, for certain of the circuits are already in direct alliance. A high cost test serves very well, particularly one which at £15,000 is £3,000 above a sensible economic limit for the independent film. If he can get double quota on the super film, so much the better.

To this the big British producer does not object. He, too, wants a check on independent production. It means more playing dates for his films. Because of his alliance with circuits, he too wants to kill the bargaining power of the independent exhibitor, he too wants a cost which will be just above the economic limit of the independent producer. £15,000 is exactly that.

The Board of Trade, apparently, has gone with the weight of influence. At a meeting with Trade representatives (June 11) the President has tentatively outlined his proposals for the new Act, inviting further trade criticism and guidance. They run as follows :

1. That the initial quotas for long films should be 20 per cent. on renters and 15 per cent. on exhibitors.
2. That the Bill should include a schedule providing for an increase in renter's quota for long films to 30 per cent. and in exhibitor's quota to 25 per cent. by stages over the ten-year period.
3. That, for the purposes of the renter's quota for long films, a cost test should be instituted of 50/- a foot with a minimum of £15,000.
4. That films costing £7/10/0 a foot and over (with a minimum of £45,000) should, with the permission of the Board of Trade count twice for quota.
5. (Possible provision for an option on a reciprocity basis).
6. That the Board of Trade should have power by Order
   (a) to vary, at three yearly intervals, in either direction the scheduled quotas ;
   (b) to vary, if they deem it necessary, the cost test basis.
7. That films costing less than the minimum should be available for registration for exhibitor's quota only. It would be open, however, to a producer or renter to apply for full quota for such a film on the ground of its " special exhibition value."
8. That a separate quota should be instituted for short films ; the initial quotas to be 10 per cent. on renters and 5 per cent. on exhibitors, with a schedule providing for a gradual increase to 20 per cent. and 15 per cent. respectively over the ten-year period.
9. That there should be no cost test for short films at the outset, but that the Board of Trade should have power by Order :—
   (a) to impose such a test ; and
   (b) to vary the quotas at three yearly intervals.
10. That registration under the Act should apply to all films except news reels and commercial advertisements.
11. That under these proposals the Board of Trade would continue to be assisted in the administration of the Act by an Advisory Committee constituted on the same lines as the present Committee.

These proposals certainly represent a praiseworthy attempt to solve the problems raised by conflicting interests, though there are significant omissions of recommendations made by the Moyne Committee.

On the positive side: (1) The quota quickie is eliminated. (2) The American renter is encouraged to produce and/or rent more expensive pictures and, by that guarantee, better ones than were represented by the £6,000 rubbish of the earlier period. (3) The interests of the big British producers are met directly. (4) The interests of the shorts producers are recognized,—at least in principle.

On the negative side: (1) Fewer British pictures will be produced. (2) The cost test of £15,000 bears hardly on the independent producer, for without the co-operation of a major renter and a major circuit it would, on present figures, be dangerous to risk so high a sum. The alternative is to regard book-keeping as an art. (3) The scheme puts obstacles in the way of a field which is specially valuable for experiment and apprenticeship. (4) By the elimination of the idea of a detached national commission and the retention of the old trade advisory idea it puts the independent producer under the burden of applying for quality to a body which representing major interests has in the past proved unsympathetic and destructive. (5) It bears harshly, to the point of extinction, on the independent exhibitor. A rich supply of films is his guarantee against the opposition theatres of the circuits. Apart from the shortening of British production, the effect of the cost clause and of the double quota clause must be to limit the importations of the tail-end pictures from the United States on which the independent exhibitor also depends. One independent describes the situation by saying that he will only be able to run the films he is told to. (6) The proposals pay only lip service to the claims of the short film. One in twenty is an insufficient encouragement to shorts finance. The present position only allows for an expenditure of £500 on a fifteen minute short film. A market of one in twenty (the odd nineteen represents a dumped market which cannot be challenged) will not allow for any higher expenditure and confines the British short to starved production conditions.

On these points one may properly expect ardent debate when the proposals come before the House of Commons. But it is likely that a major change may be made before then, and to complete the story this should be mentioned. There is a grow-

ing movement for a clause which will absolve the American renters from all quota requirements if they will in return undertake distribution of British films in the American market. This, the Reciprocity proposal, has much, superficially, to recommend it. Having failed dismally to get our films into America on their merits, British producers now see the possibility of legislating into the American market. One or two see the advantage of budgeting on a wider market and maintain that the extra sums for production they would thus obtain from American renters would make all the difference to their qualities. The fallacy of this argument has been amply revealed in the fate of previous highly expensive British films in the American market. It is further evident that no amount of British legislation can make Americans see films they do not want. The reply to this has been succinctly put by one of our more cynical producers—"Should I worry, if it brings me money." Easy money for big British producers would seem, in fact, to be the great advantage of the scheme. It suits particularly those producers who, with the bargaining power of their circuits behind them, can prevail on American renters to buy from their studios.

The principal emphasis in British film affairs today is thereby typified. The long-term service of creative and national interests is being sacrificed to short-term financial ones. The Moyne proposals took a long view and aimed at a wise government of the film industry. The prospect has disappeared with the vital omission of the Moyne proposals for a commission which would stand above the conflict of commercial interests. It is natural enough for the Board of Trade to be jealous lest another body usurp its functions, but the loss of the Film Commission must disappoint all who wish to see the anarchies of the trade abated, the interests of minorities preserved, the quality and personnel factors encouraged, and the fierce commercial interests of the trade geared to national purposes.

RES BRITANNICA.

By Fred Clarke.

"WHERE do we go from here?" The concise and pointed Americanism expresses admirably the question that must take shape in the minds of those whose business or interest it is to survey the state of the Empire. To those who have followed at all closely the political and constitutional history of the Empire for the last twenty or thirty years, the re-adjusted symbolisms and the altered formularies of a Coronation in 1937 were hardly needed to emphasize the truth that one more phase in that curious history has closed and a new one is about to open.

There is, however, a less instructed public beyond this inner group that might enjoy and even appreciate the rich symbolism without wholly grasping its historic meaning. Yet it is this public which, in the British scheme of things, makes and unmakes Governments and decides broad issues of policy, whether in Britain itself or in the Dominions oversea. It was natural, therefore, that those who realize how important it is that this public should be well-instructed—certainly better instructed than it is at present—upon what used to be called "imperial" questions, should have seized the favourable opportunity presented by Coronation Year of securing an audience. Hence a group of very timely books which, it is to be hoped, will exert influence far beyond the immediate circle of those who read them. The discrepancies between the facts as they now are and the emotionalized attitudes which in the public mind tend to do service for them in place of knowledge are becoming dangerous in this dangerous world.

Some of these books, like the Chatham House group—study *The British Empire*, make no attempt to answer the question with which we began. They do not ask Where? or Whither? Their concern is to offer an adequate report of Here, a con-

spectus of the facts as they are at the moment. It is the reader who is expected to put questions to himself.

Others, like Professor Hancock's brilliantly written first volume of his *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs* (1918—1936)—also published under the auspices of Chatham House—while not attempting to answer the question Whither? in set terms, give indirectly the characteristic historian's answer in the form of the cognate question Whence? Professor Hancock, when he writes about the Commonwealth, is concerned with what he calls "the unity of an historical idea." The idea—that expressed by the term Commonwealth—is not, he claims, imposed upon the facts, but reveals itself to the historian as their own intrinsic meaning. Whether, when that meaning is once revealed, one may prophesy on the basis of it and if so, what the direction of prophecy will be, are questions depending upon one's theory of history.

In addition to studies of these two types, one speaking of Here, and another of Whence, there is a third, more directly prophetic, which asks Whither? Of this class is the book edited by Mr. E. T. Cook in which such recognized authorities as Sir Arthur Willert, Mr. B. K. Long and Mr. H. V. Hodson collaborate under the general title *The Empire and The World.*

Thus there is available writing in all three tenses, present, past and future.

This article is written for the most part, in the future tense, if one may continue to employ the figure. It is right and proper that the public mind at a time of Imperial Conference should be occupied mainly with urgent issues of immediate policy; defence, economic relationships, co-operation in foreign policy, relations between the Commonwealth and the League; such pressing matters as these necessarily constituted the pre-occupation of the Conference as they bulk largely, no doubt, in popular discussion. Yet, as between Conference and public there is, or should be, a real difference of scope and range in current consideration of Empire matters. At such a time of pressure and danger the Conference could hardly be expected to concern itself with those longer views which tend to take shape in the mind of the historian and the publicist, with speculations about historical destiny and the whole meaning of

Commonwealth in terms of a history which has not yet revealed its secrets. But, as Professor Hancock points out (objecting to the distinction between Commonwealth and Empire if it is to be taken as permanent) it is the destiny of the Commonwealth to fulfil itself in the Empire at large :

> " In this view the British Commonwealth is nothing else than the " nature " of the British Empire defined in Aristotelian fashion by its end."

Does it not seem desirable then that to the severely business-like consideration of the immediate urgencies of current policy there should be added, in the public mind at least, something more speculative, some attempt to grasp this Aristotelian " nature " of which Professor Hancock speaks, and to forecast with what honesty and vision we may, its future workings ?

To take only one illustration ; we may ask whether the drive of the self-governing colonies towards national sovereignty—a drive, let us never forget, that was inspired by nineteenth century ideas and sprang from nineteenth—century conditions—has exhausted its potency. If it has not, what further work has it to do ? If it has, what is to be the next phase ? Or will there be no next phase that can be held within the limits of any continuing unity at all ?

All that is said here must be taken as subject to one huge reservation, namely, that a catastrophic world war such as has been so often threatened will not take place. If it does, the speculations that follow may lose all relation to reality. Either the whole unity would be shattered and a violent temporal end would be substituted for the philosophically conceived " end " in the Aristotelian sense. Or the unity would be left as an embattled and besieged system in a hostile world, forced to be temporarily false to itself and its own principle, either postponing for an indefinite time or abandoning altogether its Aristotelian destiny. One of the dangers threatening us is indeed that of *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*, of becoming so preoccupied with the warding off of calamity in the first sense, that we may tend to concentrate wholly on sheer physical preservation and find ourselves in the end preserving an outdated structure from which all the vitality of a great principle has departed. Energetic measures of defence are wholly justifiable now, just because that great principle is still not only in full vitality but is proving

the fact by extending itself into new ranges of application in a world where it is widely regarded with hostility and professed contempt. But could the Commonwealth achieve its destiny in a persistently warlike world? Or, again, could it achieve its destiny if the end is to be construed in terms of nothing more justifiable than a stubborn claim to permanent possession?

In the present conspectus I shall try, then, to keep in mind two things, one that the Commonwealth is in the last analysis a principle of human living rather than a determinate structure given once for all, and the other that it is a main function of historical study to reveal to successive generations the wide variety of embodiments that a great principle may assume. For us, at the moment, the British Empire is such an embodiment, imperfect as it may be in this character. The principle and the structure are vitally and actively associated and speculations about the future must be governed by the faith that they will continue to be so and in ever expanding degree.

The impact upon world affairs of influences arising from what might be called the New Outer Arc—Europe and Asia being, as it were, the Old Inner Core—is perhaps underestimated by English people, who tend to think only of the United States when reference is made to the New World. It would be well for our thinking about the future of the British Empire if we could regard the New World as beginning at Behring Straits and stretching, with oceanic breaks, to the eastern coasts of New Zealand. It is not odd, perhaps, that citizens of the United States are so much more ready to think in these terms than are the citizens of the older lands of Europe.

As regards cohesion, if nothing further is said here about the importance of common measures of defence, that is not because such importance is unrecognized. We are concerned here rather with the nature of the inner bonds of that which we believe to be so well worth defending. In passing, however, the remark may be ventured, that the consciousness of danger may serve to demonstrate in the sphere of defence what some observers have long been suspecting, namely, that the English contempt for logic of which the perorationists are so proud may prove to be not an inherent virtue and strength but just a luxury of security, made possible by conditions that did not call

for the effort and discipline with which faithfulness to logic is usually associated.

It may be admitted readily enough that, unless solid material advantages occur from the will to cohere, the units are likely to fall apart. It may even be admitted that the more exalted motives for cohesion which are sometimes asserted may be, in part at least, a cloak of respectability with which to cover the nakedness of interest. There is no doubt that we do give the Philistines some cause for ironical amusement in these matters. But evidence is abundant enough nowadays that something more than economic interest goes to the preservation of abiding unities. Else why do we witness whole peoples making great and obvious economic sacrifices for the sake of preserving unities that satisfy them emotionally and morally even more than materially?

Those who admit the importance of common or mutual economic interest as a necessary factor of cohesion in the Empire would often be the first to add that if that were the only factor they would be quite ready to let the Empire go. We may yet find that the economic argument, too strongly pressed, develops a double edge. A common faith in the worth of a common adventure will prove in the long run the more lasting cement. That faith is, in essence, simply the validity of the Commonwealth idea. Such an idea can continue to have vitality only in so far as it is free to develop its own inherent logic. For a century now it has been doing so in those areas of Empire which are populated and governed by peoples of British or European stock. Can it now extend itself to the other areas not so populated? If so, India may prove to be the rich first-fruit of a magnificent second crop. If not we may have to confess that the Commonwealth principle is too much for our moral resources and that a point is reached where there is substituted for it something much more like a pseudo-principle of racial discrimination. From such a point of view it is not easy to quarrel with those who, like Mr. Lionel Curtis, see an analogy between the pure Commonwealth principle and Christianity itself. And if we are to maintain, with Professor Hancock, that the destiny of Empire (i.e. dependencies) is to fulfil itself in Commonwealth (i.e. free self-governing communities) we ought to appreciate, in realistic concrete terms, what we are saying.

Can the Commonwealth principle really be made in the course of history to transcend the distinctions of race and colour? We cannot assert yet that it has done so. That is one great reason for describing the whole drama as unfinished, and perhaps for maintaining that the real test has not yet been fairly faced. But at least let us be honest about it and not talk of the Commonwealth as a principle of universal application unless we really mean it to be so. Still less have we a right to condemn those who have already denied its universality, until we have squarely faced and accepted all its concrete implications ourselves.

Assuming, however, that the central nerve of cohesion will be a continuing faith in the applicability of the Commonwealth principle, we must assume also that a certain community of culture and of social habit will accompany it. The exploration of the nature and grounds of such community amid all its diversities of manifestation is a task the bulk of which still lies ahead in the unfinished part of the story. Will it be correct to describe such community as "British," unless, as has been suggested elsewhere, we learn to spell the adjective with a small "b"? And may it not be dangerous, and perhaps a little disingenuous to allow ourselves to talk of an "inner core" (or *élite*?) which is British in the full racial sense? To do so would seem to be talking the language of aristocracy rather than of Commonwealth, and would suggest that British imagination needs to take much wider flights than it has yet attempted. Illogicality may be not so readily tolerated if it takes the form of moral inconsistency.

A complementary task of strengthening mutual understanding among the diverse units cannot be neglected. Here we have the phenomenon of nationality in the proper cultural (and beneficent) sense of that much mishandled term. No small part of the burden of such a task should fall to this country. The people of the Dominions, for instance, are far better acquainted with the cultural realities of Britain than are home-keeping Britons with the distinctive cultural idiom of each Dominion. It is not merely a question of knowing something about developing schools of painting and sculpture and literature and even music in the different Dominions. It is rather a question of making

oneself thoroughly at home with the habits and ethos of new national types. A Dominion is not only a unit in a community, it is itself a community becoming distinctive enough to be regarded as, in a sense, a foreign land. One would need to study, for instance, not only Canadian painting but the domestic customs of the Canadian household. Have English people the patience, the interest, and the freedom from pre-occupation with their own domestic and European worries to give some time, both in the schools and beyond, to such studies? The evidence so far is not overwhelming. But relations between Britain and the Dominions will tend to become more and more just international in the formal sense of the word, unless adequate attention is given to studies and activities which guarantee the warmer and more brotherly ties of mutual understanding.

The diversified cultural unity which results may or may not be predominantly British (in the capital letter sense). Professor Hancock quotes a remark about the attitude of French Canadians at Confederation time which is crucial for the whole matter. " The French want to remain ' British ' in order that they may remain French." *Mutatis mutandis*, precisely the same could be said by General Hertzog, and there will be many others to follow in the same strain if the Commonwealth is to be true to itself.

Before leaving the point we may glance at yet one more of the unanswered questions. Will a system of " conventions of co-operation " such as Mr. Latham describes in the chapter on " The Law and the Commonwealth," which he appends to Professor Hancock's *Survey*, be sufficient to guarantee unity of *political* action in such a whole ? The question can hardly be answered until further tests have been imposed. The practice and tradition of co-operation grew up in an easier world than this, and history takes a long time to answer the questions put to it. Mr. Lionel Curtis raised the issue long ago in his *Problem of the Commonwealth* maintaining that a lasting unity must find expression in appropriate instruments of sovereignty for the governance of the whole. We cannot say yet whether he is wrong or whether such loosely-made and rather self-contradictory instruments as now exist will prove sufficient to satisfy his axiom. Probably our theory of the State has still to undergo

development, particularly in the direction of thinking in purely political terms free from the emotional contaminations that result from confusion between two such widely different entities as State and Nation.

The remark brings us to the second of the four fields of speculation mentioned previously. How far are the results of a century and more of political experimentation within the Empire valid for other peoples and problems outside the Empire? And, if they are thus valid, how far can they be made available for translation, for expression in terms of the idiom of other peoples ? Canada and South Africa come to mind here with the considerable measure of success they have achieved in providing a secure home for diverse cultures within the framework of a single State. In its main outline the achievement is relevant enough to some European problems of the moment, even if we make due allowance, as we must, for special factors which facilitated a solution. I mean such factors as remoteness, amplitude of space and sparsity of population, freedom from threats from outside, and the lack of aggressiveness which resulted from a sense of adequate space.

But I am concerned here less with the world's capacity to learn such lessons as these experiments may teach than with our own capacity to understand the lessons ourselves and present them rightly to the world. Here again some measure of what one feels compelled to call " education " may be necessary. For there are limitations and inadequacies on both sides to be removed, on the side of Britain and on the side of the oversea countries.

In Britain one may observe two opposite tendencies—prejudices we might almost call them—which have the effect of obscuring clear vision of the significance of such experiments as we have referred to. The one is a disposition towards a particularist and nationalist " imperialism " in the old sense which concentrates almost exclusively on maintaining the political unity, power and prestige of Empire and is relatively blind to an historic logic which is hostile to false finality and premature stabilization alike. Such an attitude not only gives some point to the doubt whether a democracy can continue indefinitely to govern " dependencies " ; it also raises the further

question whether the spirit which we claim to be informing the whole must not by its very nature seek and ally itself with affinities beyond the geographical limits of Empire. Can the geographical and the spiritual boundaries really be made to coincide? Or are we concerned here with something like a true Church which, in the last resort, transcends geography? The Anglican Church, for example, now counts among its adherents many who are in no sense British subjects at all.

Partly by reaction from this point of view there arises the opposed group of those whom we may call, without offence, the Premature Universalists, those who would achieve what they call "internationalism" by first sweeping away nations. If the other group is blind in the left eye, using only the right, this group surely is blind in the right. The leftward twist induces then a depreciation of Empire achievement just because what is really important and valid in it is not clearly seen. What actually is believed to be seen is too full of exploitation and greed to be acceptable. What is not seen is the operation—admittedly imperfect—of the principle of Commonwealth so far as it has gone, and the need of the enlightened reinforcement which the leftward group might bring to it if it would use both eyes in the same realistic fashion.

These combinations of a certain ignorance with a certain partial blindness have their parallels in the oversea lands also. There, however, the manifestation take the forms of over-simplifying such highly complex problems as those which now afflict Europe; of mistrust of the intentions of European statesmen; and of a tendency to isolationism, which is the result partly of impatience and partly perhaps of an unavowed reluctance to assume all the responsibilities that should go with the privileges of autonomy. It is as though the good things for which some European peoples are struggling have come to the oversea lands with such little difficulty that they are insufficiently aware of their own good fortune as compared with Europe.

The situation, however, seems to be full of hope as British opinion awakens to a new realism and sheds the cruder illusions of an earlier and narrower nationalism, and as the Dominions, stirred to action by a sense of danger, organize means for the systematic study of international problems in the full world-wide

sense. The result of such awakenings can only be a much enhanced self-awareness among all our people with the result that the real significances of a century or more of Empire achievement will come to be presented in their larger and truer human relevancy and this be made available for the world at large if it has the desire to learn from them. There is no call upon us to undertake any feverish propagandist mission. What is actually required of us is to clear our own minds of prejudices and the survivals of outdated attitudes, so that a great historical achievement still in part unfulfilled, may find in us just and true expression.

What now of the third of the fields of speculation which we have ventured thus hastily to explore? On the one hand we have in the British Empire, the embodiment of an idea partially realized in actual history, but still working out its unexhausted logic, still revealing new aspects of its rich content. On the other hand we have, embodied in the Covenant of the League, a closely similar idea, world-wide in the scope of its aspiration but almost wholly lacking in historical realization. Indeed such history as the idea has had in the League form has been so unhappy and disillusioning as to raise doubts whether it is likely to have any long history at all. But this surely does not mean that we are called upon to abandon the League in order to concentrate on the Commonwealth, still less that we are entitled to use the structure of the League as an excuse for shrinking the responsibilities of a united Commonwealth. It may rather be suggested that one part of the British function in the League is to fertilize its relatively barren formulae with the seminal values of British experience. This will not be an easy thing to do, since what may be called the technique of the League is the precise opposite to that which has resulted in the British Commonwealth. The League is a precisely formulated idea looking and waiting for embodiment in a history. The Commonwealth is a history which has discovered within itself an idea and is still developing that idea not by legalistic argument but in the field of political experience. Thus to British habit the League would seem to be trying to progress tail-first. It may be objected that the British Dominions at least have had the experience of working to an elaborate written constitu-

tion. The answer is, of course, that such constitutions were themselves the fruit and formulation of a long community-experience to which on the side of the League there is no long experience of a community of nations to correspond. Thus the League might almost be described as a shadow-State without the flesh-and-blood substance of distinctive nationality to give it life and inspiration. In the Dominions the substance of nationality was present before the full form of Statehood was demanded and conferred.

It would seem, therefore, that such service as British experience can provide to endow with substance the League forms will lie somewhere in this difficult field of the relationship between State and Nation and the proper distinction between them. Here it may be doubted whether the evolution of the Commonwealth idea has yet proceeded far enough to be fully relevant to the needs of the League. It has gone far enough to reach the full recognition of national sovereignty in certain of the component parts of the Commonwealth and it is now facing the problems of cohesion and unity of political action which arise at such a stage of evolution. Recent experience of what happened when a change in the succession to the Throne had to be made at very short notice might seem encouraging. But, in the chapter already referred to, Mr. Latham points out that the actual form of procedure followed approximated very closely to that of ordinary international intercourse. For every Dominion except Australia, consent to the Act of Abdication was conveyed by Governments, not by Parliament.

Is this what the Commonwealth wants, a relation between the units *inter se* which becomes less and less distinguishable from that which holds between States that are beyond all question " foreign " to one another ? If this is not at all what it wants, if it desires a unity that is both unique and capable of expression in ready common action, it may have to engage in some fundamental re-thinking of its accepted doctrine of national sovereignty, and the fruits of such thinking may be of infinite value to the League. Are there not limitations upon national sovereignty already by the mere fact of membership in the Commonwealth ? Could there indeed be a Commonwealth if such limitations were not accepted ?

PERPLEXITIES OF THE AMERICAN POLITICIAN.

By D. W. Brogan.

IN November, 1936, President Roosevelt was re-elected by a majority unparalleled since the re-election of President Monroe in 1820. The re-election of Monroe had marked the final dissolution of the old party of Conservative opposition, the Federalists, and the second term of Monroe has become known as the "Era of Good Feeling." It was natural, then, that the country startled at the complete eclipse of the Republicans, conscious that the Roosevelt landslide portended something of great moment, if it was not quite clear what, should look to the future with doubt, if not with apprehension. And it was natural that the elements of the American people which had supported the Republican candidate and those other conservative elements which had either supported Mr. Roosevelt with reluctance or had lain low, should have thought wishfully of 1820 and proposed to start a new "Era of Good Feeling." And when the President took his well-earned holiday he left behind him a country anxiously awaiting a lead even if that lead were negative; the President had to do something, even if it were only to make clear that he proposed to do nothing.

But the hopes of the conservatives within and without the Democratic party were shattered by the launching of the attack on the Supreme Court and, since February, the political temper of the country or, it might be safer to say, of the politicians, has been rising, until now there is a boiling-over of resentment and fear on both sides that no one can have anticipated in the brief halcyon days of last December. The ostensible cause of this change in temperature was, of course, the proposal to reform (or as it was quickly asserted by the opposition) to pack the Supreme Court. The boldness (or if you like the impudence) of the President's proposals produced an instant reaction, and the President, apparently all-powerful when the new Congress

met and when he took the oath on that dreary January day, was in a moment assailed with fury by some and with a more deadly polite disagreement by others. And the opposition came not merely or mainly from the Republicans, sunk as they were into torpor and despair, but from the Democrats. The immense size of the Democratic majority had led prophets to assert that a split was necessary, but few can have anticipated that it would come so soon. The various factions of disgruntled Democrats who had, following the example of Al Smith, " taken a walk " from the party ranks in 1936 were to many minds justified after the event, when it proved necessary for many leading Democrats to come out in open opposition to the policy, the main policy, of the leader of their party.

It is impossible to discuss the general merits of the constitutional question. There are few barriers between the English-speaking peoples higher than that raised by judicial review. It is possible, by taking thought, to understand the theory of judicial review even in its most extravagant forms, but it is impossible for anyone not brought up under the system to feel with it in his bones. It must always be an effort for the British spectator, educated in the dogmas of parliamentary supremacy, to understand, in any but a formal and intellectual sense, the reverence and emotional respect that many, perhaps most, Americans feel for the political functions of their courts. It has to be taken for granted, however, that this reverence and emotional regard exist. Every nation has its own centre of exaggerated or even irrational loyalty ; the Supreme Court is at least one of the claimants for that place in the American system. And the attack on the Court was all the bolder that it proposed to treat that august body with a certain flippancy which offended persons who might have reacted less violently to a more dignified, if more far-reaching, attack on the Court's authority. For the President proposed to reform the court not by constitutional amendment, but by mere statute. It is true that lawyers and students have always known that the august body which has invalidated so many statutes and, some will assert, emasculated some constitutional amendments, owes many of its powers and most of its operating authority to a mere statute which Congress can repeal or amend more or less

as it thinks fit as President Roosevelt has asked it now to do. But, to the man in the street, the revelation of the thinness of the thread by which the power of the great and august body was joined to the Constitution of which it was the interpreter was a shock.

One of the most startling of American *arcana imperii* was exposed to the public gaze, and the public was shocked or entertained according to taste. Many of the shocked faithful have asserted that they were in favour of the general objects of the President's programme, some that they are even in favour of limiting the powers of the Courts but only by constitutional amendment or amendments. And it would be unjust and unduly cynical to deny that all of these asseverations of support for amendments were not genuine. It would be equally foolish to believe that all critics who are now strongly in favour of amendments would be, in fact, in favour of them when and if they were produced. Be that as it may, the President, more or less openly, is trying by congressional enactment to recast the Supreme Court in a form which, while it may increase its judicial efficiency and make it fitter for what its critics believe to be its true constitutional position, cannot add to its prestige. The Court, as reconstituted under the Roosevelt plan might be a most admirable body, but it could not have and is not designed to have, the sacred and overriding authority which it has acquired, at any rate in the past generation. Manifestly Mr. Roosevelt himself realizes this ; he wants a court different not merely in personnel but in character from that at present existing. He wants the Court put in its place—as he sees it—that is, behind not before the executive and legislative members of the American political trinity.

The strength developed by the opposition is due to a genuine and widespread dislike of any weakening of the judicial authority by an exorbitant exercise of the presidential prestige and political authority. Paradoxical as it may seem, Mr. Roosevelt would not encounter such determined opposition from some quarters if his election triumph had been less complete. If to the President's friends that election was a plebiscite entrusting to him a wide and undefined mandate to serve the general welfare of the people of the United States, to his present enemies or some of them,

there is all the more reason for having some checking power at hand. It was at the moment of his triumph that the Roman general (so Tertullian tells us) had his slave murmur in his ear, a needful, if not welcome, reminder that he was a man after all. The Senate has been well provided with persons anxious to fulfil this office, and one result of this has been that by ten votes to eight the Judiciary Committee of the Senate has refused to recommend the passage of the bill. The first stage in the President's campaign has then ended in a defeat or, at least, in a reverse. Will this defeat be ratified by the Senate and, if it is, will the President be able to rally the party behind him or is authority already slipping from his hands? The jealousy of the Senate for its rights or with regard to strong leadership from the White House is an old story, and many a President has had reason to regret his entry into conflict with the most powerful and tenacious of upper houses. *Qui mange du sénat en meurt.* Has Mr. Roosevelt bitten off more than he can chew?

It is too early to be confident one way or the other. The Senate has not won every battle, and President Roosevelt's special hero is Andrew Jackson who fought and worsted a Senate not inferior to the present in ability and prestige. But an opposition senator might reply to any such Jacksonian warning as Senator Douglas did to President Buchanan "May I remind you, Mr. President, that General Jackson is dead." Mr. Roosevelt is not dead; but he is in his second term; despite many rumours it is extremely unlikely that he will run again, and, by 1940, the whole scene may have changed. And it is worth noting that of the fourteen Democratic members of the Judiciary Committee, only four have to face the electors before 1940.

In this connection it is not without significance that the House of Representatives, all of whose members have to face their electors in 1938, is generally suspected of being much more in sympathy with the President than is the Senate. There are many reasons for this but one simple explanation which finds favour in many breasts is that no Congressman in his sober senses wishes to have to run against a Republican with the Presidential displeasure being expressed by Mr. Farley's

excellent machine and—equally important—by the President's matchless power of speech. It is worth noting that in Texas, a state whose legislature expressed strong disapproval of the Judiciary bill and most of whose political leaders are suspected of hostility, a congressional by-election has shown that it still pays politically to use the magic name of the President. The candidate who ran on the sacred slogan of the Court and Constitution was badly beaten.

To the general impression of " all noisy along the Potomac," the Supreme Court itself has added. In a series of decisions which have surprised both sides, it has upheld some of the boldest New Deal legislation. This *volte face* has irritated the Administration and forced rather insincere praise from some opponents of the Judiciary Bill. The supporters of the President have been naturally annoyed that the Court has so opportunely changed its mind and that the accumulated indignation and annoyance with the legalistic attitude of the majority of the judges, an indignation that reached formidable heights last summer, has not been increased by further follies. On the other hand, many opponents of the President are only moderately gratified by the tactical aid that the Court has given them. They resent a little the intellectual strain imposed on them of justifying a balance-wheel which spins in such opposite directions without any very obvious reason. But they resent still more the obvious fact that the Court is not the sure shield against ruin which they had been led to hope that it was. After all, the number of Americans who worship the idea of the Court as a barrier, without having any particular preference for its being a barrier to this rather than that, is small. And the Court has opened the way to certain types of legislation and activity which many Americans and especially many American politicians regard with suspicion and even detestation.

First of all, the upholding of the Wagner Act has alarmed many persons who dislike labour unions and who cling firmly to the idea that an employer has a right to do as he likes with his own. Faced with the rise of the industrial unions led by John L. Lewis, they have reacted to this threat to the position of the employer. They have cheered Henry Ford's announcement that he would *never, never* deal with unions, even if they

have not accepted his reasons that the unions were just another trick of those pests, the Wall Street bankers. The invalidation of N.R.A. brought with it the stagnation of the first unionization campaign based on the clause 7a of that statute. When the steel companies last autumn defied the C.I.O. in a large and expensive advertisement, the various emotional and economic interests opposed to the unions rejoiced. It was on steel that in the past the unions had broken their teeth. If John L. Lewis was foolish enough to attack that Gibraltar of American capitalism he would be routed and the sooner the better. But things have not turned out that way. The greatest of the steel corporations made terms with Mr. Lewis, thus giving him immense prestige, ruining what was left of the authority of the old Federation of Labour whose excommunications and expulsions of the C.I.O. became more and more reminiscent of those shadow governments of exiles that dispose of the throne of Russia. Then the assault on the motor industry, if not equally successful, was ominous, because of the appearance of that Gallic weapon the sit-down. In vain, indignant and law-abiding citizens demanded presidential intervention against the strikers who were keeping as firm a grip on the factories as the Irish peasants, on Parnell's advice, kept on their farms. It was easy in Boston to take a firm line, but it was not quite so easy in Detroit! Legally or illegally, the Unions were growing in strength and in Pittsburgh, Akron, Detroit, Cleveland, men watched for a sign. Labour was no longer struggling along in a world dominated by the Chamber of Commerce. Indeed, to listen to some alarmists, the day of the Chamber of Commerce was over ; the rattle of the tumbrils or the boots of the Ogpu could be heard in the street, and, if the American businessman had been half as scared as he persuaded himself he was, the day of his rule was indeed over. But he was less frightened than annoyed. He still had the Court to rely on—and the Court failed him. All those fine and unconditional phrases about rigorous enforcement of the law everywhere and all the time became suddenly awkward. For years, the American businessman had been asserting and often believing that the American working man didn't want to be a member of a labour union. For years, Irish landlords blamed all Irish discontent

on wicked Irish Americans; left to themselves the peasants wanted nothing better than to be left alone under the patriarchal care of their natural leaders, and it is well known in the South that the last people in the world who wanted to be freed were the slaves. But under the Wagner Act employers had to let the workers decide this question for themselves. And it was in the plant of a company one of whose chief officials told me confidently that their men didn't want the C.I.O., since the company "did so much for them," that the most striking C.I.O. victory has since been gained.

The political consequences of unionization are bound to be important and they are already affecting the position of the Democratic party in more ways than one. Mr. Lewis was a leading supporter of the President in 1936; the triumph of the Democratic party was something of a triumph for the C.I.O. too, but so many persons and interests could plausibly claim that they had got aboard the Roosevelt bandwagon, that it is asserting too much to say that the labour militants have a lien on the assets of the Administration. But it is worth noting that, while Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts got fame by his reputed firmness in dealing with a strike in the sacred name of law and order, Governor Murphy of Michigan got fame by patiently avoiding the dramatic and possibly bloody show-down which he was asked to provide by some not unimportant persons and interests. If the word goes round that labour support is going to be of serious political value, the active politician will bound off the fence with Olympic speed and ease, and it is worth noting that, while 1940 is a long way off, two persons often mentioned as possible Democratic candidates are Governor Murphy of Michigan and Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, both notably friendly to labour.

Of more immediate importance is the reaction of the South to the threat or promise of a campaign for unionization of industry in that section. It was not accidental that the motions condemning the "sit-down" were produced by a southern senator and a southern congressman. Senator Byrnes and Congressman Dies know well what complications a successful union drive would produce in South Carolina and Texas. And their apprehensions are shared by other southern leaders. A

party structure little responsive to the demands of the poorer elements in the community (unless in the demagogic responses of Longs and Bilbos) would be badly strained by a sharp and open division between classes hitherto united, formally at least, in the Democratic ranks. The memory of the dark days when the rise of Populism forced appeals to the Negro vote has not been forgotten. But it is not only the politicians who are worried. Southern industry has always counted on its low wage rates and unhampering factory laws to entice northern capital south. At this moment the State of Mississippi is advertising assets of that type which it would not be able to provide if the proletariat of the State were organized in effective unions. And what is true of Mississippi is true of other southern States. This advantage may be defended by means comparable to those used by Mr. Hepburn in Ontario, appeals to patriotism combined with a use of the armed strength of government on one side in the disputes that may arise, but to that policy there is another obstacle. It is generally believed that, using the powers over minimum wages allowed to the Federal Government by the Court, Mr. Roosevelt intends to revive something like the control of wages and hours attempted under the defunct N.R.A. If he does, the sectional battle is on. Under N.R.A. it was necessary to allow " differentials " between minimum wage-rates in north and south which, if justified, showed how far from uniform American economic conditions are. Over the extent of those differentials there was bitter squabbling and, had N.R.A. lasted longer, there would have been more. If there is a new N.R.A, there will be more fighting and in that fight party discipline is going to be badly strained, for a struggle of the northern industrial areas against allowing the South to exploit its low labour costs can hardly avoid degenerating into a fight against Democratic leadership in Congress.

In the Senate the dissenters tend to be conservative Democrats who fear the dangerous radicalism of the President, either on specific issues like the Court or the toleration of sit-down strikes, or on all points. Senator Burke, Senator Byrnes, Senator Byrd represent these groups. But in the House of Representatives the situation is more complicated. In Congress, authority

in the official hierarchy comes by seniority of service. Inevitably, then, the chairman of committees and other official party leaders represent, for the most part, districts from the old solid South or from the great Eastern cities where the Democratic party, even at its lowest ebb, never lost ground. This nucleus of about one hundred and fifty safe seats is the nucleus of the party and, in the main, a conservative nucleus. There are radical southern and eastern members, but they are few. But there are two hundred odd Democratic members new to Congress, representing districts whose recent conversion to Democracy is proof that the old party lines have been momentarily wiped out. Whatever the leaders may think, these members are under few illusions as to the attitude of the voters who sent them to Congress. These voters may not be in favour of dogmatic radical theories but they are for the President and against the " interests," the " economic royalists " and the other enemies of the " more abundant life " whom the President assailed and vanquished last year. These Congressmen are strongly tempted to adopt the maxim of the French radicals " no enemies on the left," especially when the alternative is to class the President as the enemy. If the country is turning conservative enough to reject Mr. Roosevelt, it is all too likely that it will reject the numerous minor politicians who were swept into office under his name. Thus we have seen revolts against even moderate conservative leading in Congress by a majority which has not the comforting belief to hug that, if the worst comes to the worst, Georgia or Manhattan never desert the party. The present sad state of the once dominant Republicans shows how dangerous it is to rely on such traditions over the greater part of the United States. From being a game played according to rules, with all the formality and fixity of cricket, American politics has become a catch as catch-can business, all-in, no holds barred. Or, if the cricket metaphor be preferred, it is difficult now to be sure who is fielding and who is batting, and Congress is full of Mr. A. N. Others who know that there are plenty of rivals ready to play.

It is this uncertainty over the future of the two great parties which explains much of the manœuvring in both houses. No one can be certain that there will be a Republican party in

existence two years or four years hence. But no one who reflects at all can doubt that there will be a conservative party of some kind in existence in 1940. Will it be the Democrats? Possibly, if the President loses control. If he does not, how many of the Conservative Democrats can keep in nominal communion with a radical party? Not only is the future of party organization more uncertain than it has been since the Civil War, the choice of leaders available is equally confused. Mr. Roosevelt has so dominated the Democrats that even the most prominent of his supporters have appeared as mere appendages—and some of them, in any case, are too recent converts from Republicanism to be eligible. There is no listing of probables which at the moment has any claim to plausibility, and yet, although the nominating convention is three years off, anxious eyes are turning towards it. Americans are beginning to realize that fundamental problems are at issue and even those who believe, or profess to believe, that a mainly negative attitude clinging to the Court and to the good old ways is still possible, admit by their apprehension that a different solution is not out of the question. American politicians have to face the necessity of guessing how the cat will jump—with in many cases a perfectly sincere and wholly justifiable conviction that the way the cat jumps is going to be of first-rate importance and is going to give character to a whole epoch of American history. They are not like Bradley's metaphysicians, there *is* a black cat in the dark room in which they are groping, but it is no joke to catch a cat by the wrong end. And it is still less of a joke when among the other inhabitants of the room is a politician of infinite guile and audacity who may, at any moment, switch on the light and walk off with the cat. With one eye on the future and another on the White House, the American politician is in no enviable position. And there is always the dreadful thought in his mind that the American voter has shown a brutality towards old servants and leaders unprecedented in the good old days of Coolidge, days which, in politics as in economics, are rapidly seeming as far off as the age of Clay and Calhoun—both men of genius who guessed wrong.

THE GLAMOUR OF GOLD.

By Lord Northbourne.

GOLD has been very much in people's minds lately. There has been a "gold scare" in the course of which the probable future price of gold in terms of the various currencies of the world has been the subject of much anxious concern among people who stand to gain or lose by changes in that price. And the Imperial Conference in the course of its deliberations has found it very difficult to talk about trade and economics without at the same time entrenching upon those monetary problems which so often, and so inconveniently, introduce obscurity into the simplest proposition, and with most of which the gold situation is connected. It appears to me that on such problems there exists a fundamental duality of outlook, not only within the Imperial Conference, but all over the world at all times, the nature of which it is the object of the present article to discuss,

Everyone agrees that stability of currencies is an indispensable condition for peace and prosperity in the world to-day—as indeed it always has been. An unstable currency defeats the efforts of the most able and the most far-seeing. It leads to unpredictable and comprehensive disasters and to unhappiness and uncertainty for rich and poor, wise and foolish, innocent and guilty. Without the foundation provided by a stable currency no highly developed political or economic system can maintain itself in equilibrium for long. Therefore, however boring and obscure they may seem to be, currency questions are of an importance to which the word vital can be attached with full significance. They are by no means mere technical problems, the importance of which is only subsidiary.

So it is unfortunate that there should exist a wide divergence of views as to what stability in a currency really means : and

therefore as to how it can best be achieved. It is easy to say that a stable currency is one of which any given unit has always the same value, but to be content with that is to shirk all difficulties. What these difficulties are is best understood by considering some of the ideas which have held the field for many years past, and in contrast thereto some of the ideas which have grown concurrently with the dominant ones and are most strongly opposed to them. I say advisedly *some* of the ideas : for they are legion, at least so far as details are concerned. Nevertheless, there is a clear division into two groups, between which there is a fundamental difference in the interpretation assigned to what is called by both sides a stable currency, and therefore to the word value when it is attached to money. The people who are so divided may be conveniently classed as those who believe in the international gold standard as established before the war, and those who do not. It is important to remember that the members of both groups (I refer only to the vast majority who are honest) are out for the same thing—a stable currency—and base their claims to consideration on their advocacy of particular methods for attaining that imperfectly understood objective.

The question then is as to whether a foundation of good red gold, the linguistic symbol of value, purity and immutability, is essential to the stability of a currency, or whether it is not so. There are some among the advocates of gold who are not content with the mere assertion that gold is and always has been the rock on which we have built, and who proceed to argue somewhat as follows. A currency is nothing, and least of all can its value ever be stable, unless it is universally acceptable without question in settlement of any kind of debt (including of course the kind which is created by a transfer of goods or the performance of a service). It cannot be acceptable in this sense unless it has inherent characteristics which give it value independently of human whims, errors of calculation, or mismanagement. It must, therefore, consist of, or must be always exchangeable at will for, something which has inherent value, and is as little as possible liable to change of any kind. Gold has fallen naturally into the position of being that something, and has added to its unique physical qualities of beauty and permanence

a reputation, a psychological influence, almost a reverence, which do but reinforce its other qualities in fitting it for duty as currency. Therefore, provided that each unit of any currency represents a fixed amount of gold, the prime conditions for stability, which are universal acceptability and constant value, will have been achieved so far as is humanly possible.

Not only is gold thus the only practicable basis for any particular currency, but by virtue of its unique qualifications it constitutes an ideal international currency, so necessary in these days of economic interdependence of nations. Some means for the settlement of international debts is more than a convenience, it is a necessity, in view of the complexity of the relations which exist between nations to-day ; and no workable alternative to gold has been found or is likely to be found, either for this purpose or as a backing for paper currencies, and so for credit.

On these axioms the whole structure of the economic theory known to-day as the orthodox has been built up : and, given the axioms, it is a perfectly logical structure. And theory is justified by practical experience, for it has been under test during the most remarkable period of expansion in numbers and of increasing command of physical forces and of improvement in the standard of living which has occurred in historical times.

It is argued, then, that this conception of currency is fundamental, and that any conception which ignores it is unsound, and that the relinquishment of a fixed quantitative relation between currencies and gold can therefore only be regarded as a risky temporary expedient, which has been regrettably forced upon many nations recently, as a result of political disturbance and international rivalry and the residual effects of war-time extravagance. As soon as reasonably stable economic conditions return, that return must be celebrated and confirmed by a stabilisation of currencies on a fixed quantitative gold parity, as a prime condition for the perpetuation of economic stability. " Managed " currencies, independent of gold, can never be secure from political or sectional influences tending to insecurity.

On the other hand there are people to whom the word gold

is like a red rag to a bull. To them it is the symbol of a false idealism which, they say, has led the world into most of its present difficulties. For its use, so far from conferring upon a currency the essential quality of stability, has exactly an opposite effect and causes perpetual fluctuations in the value of money, these being accentuated by the sensitiveness of a gigantic superstructure of credit, which by its nature tends to multiply the effects of such fluctuations.

The value of money, they affirm, can have but one significance, that is, the amount of goods which a unit will in fact at any particular time buy. The only true measure of such value is therefore an average of the prices of all commodities, weighted according to the amounts of each actually sold. In practice it is quite sufficient to work with an arbitrary number of commodities, so long as all the principal ones are included. If this measure be taken, a currency rigidly fixed in relation to gold cannot be stable, for changes in price levels are often due to currency changes, and these in turn are due to local or world-wide changes in the supply of gold, the last arising from causes quite unconnected with currency requirements for the exchange of goods and services at the time in question. For not only does the total amount of gold available depend on chance factors such as new discoveries or the working out of old mines : but also, given even a stable supply of gold, currency stability can never be achieved while gold is both the basis of national currencies and the only international currency : for any payment of gold by one country to another must disturb the value of the currencies of both nations in relation to goods, and in relation to each other, and in opposite directions. Thus arise opportunities for speculators in currencies, by whose operations slight fluctuations tend to be intensified.

But more than this, a fatal tendency to cyclical fluctuations is produced, every country being subjected to alterations of inflation and deflation resulting from the reactions on currencies of movements of gold and therefore on the relative prices of goods in different countries. So the best security for a country becomes a permanent lien on other people's gold, that is, a creditor position in relation to others. This can only be achieved by securing on the average of years a " favourable balance of

payments " in the course of foreign trade ; a situation only attainable if someone else has an adverse balance. Interest on such outstanding balances (when they have not been cancelled or repudiated as have been about two-thirds of those accumulated by Great Britain in the last 80 years) must be paid in gold if possible, or if, as is usual, that is not possible, in goods : whatever sacrifice of price the debtor may have to make to secure a market, and however hard the creditor may try to oppose cheap imports by tariffs or their equivalent. Hence the universality and acerbity of trade war and the unattainability of anything like international harmony. The only valid objective for international trade is mutually advantageous exchanges of goods and services. It follows that the only valid way of stabilising national currencies in relation to each other so as to facilitate such trade is by basing them on goods, not on gold. The use of gold as a standard puts such trade on to an entirely false basis, and so far from facilitating the settlement of balances it makes such settlement oppressive, sometimes to the point of impossibility, to the debtor and to the creditor as well.

Hence, primarily, conditions equivalent to a chronic shortage of purchasing power all over the world, making inevitable a continuous accumulation of debt ; private, industrial, municipal and national ; most of which is in effect irrepayable and must be cancelled at intervals by repudiation and bankruptcy. Borrowing to take advantage of a boom is followed by borrowing to get out of a slump, and the real burden of the resultant debts is always varying with changes in the real value of money. Measured by its barter value, gold has varied four times as widely as all other commodities during the past eighty years. The acceptability of a currency depends on its being " legal tender " for the liquidation of all debts, including those due to the Government. The contention that it depends on a " backing " of gold can hardly be taken seriously after the experiences of this country during the war and in more recent years.

Therefore, so far from having contributed to modern development, gold has merely prevented the mass of the people from reaping more than a fraction of the potential benefits of such development, and has led to conditions in which a falsification of values has condemned a majority to irresponsibility and

impotence with consequent unhappiness, revolution and war. So, it is argued, the only rational meaning of currency stability is stability in relation to goods ; a conception not less definite than that of stability in relation to gold, and once established as a principle, not more, but less liable than the latter to mishandling by politicians or unscrupulous persons.

Needless to say, the above is a very incomplete statement of the case on either side. As such it must lay itself open to criticism by both as an example of that loose thinking of which they so freely accuse each other. It will have served its purpose if it has only emphasized once more the nature and importance of the question, which is indeed far more than merely a technical one for decision by experts. It is in fact a question as to whether or not mankind has been afflicted in the past with a system which, while it arose no doubt originally from a false idealism, yet works in such a way as to render the re-establishment of a true idealism ever more difficult, by producing a situation in which money alone counts and all truer and more human values suffer distortion. It is probable that on a right decision of this question in its broader aspects not only the development, but even the survival of civilization depends.

The astute reader may find little difficulty in perceiving the direction of your contributor's inclinations : which are in fact much stronger than inclinations. For of the two categories of opinion set out in this article, one seems capable of explaining much that is puzzling us to-day and of providing something on which rational hopes of a solution may be founded, whereas the other does not.

POLAND'S CAMP OF NATIONAL UNITY

By Elizabeth Wiskemann

IT is the ordinary thing in Eastern Europe—in Hungary or Rumania, for example—to find a weak reactionary government trying to buy popularity, at home and also perhaps in Berlin, by making concessions to anti-Semitic rowdyism. One has the feeling of a series of Papen regimes which, unlike the Cabinet of von Papen himself, succeed in keeping the wolves at the door. In Poland these circumstances to some extent obtain, but the situation is enlivened, if not redeemed, by the more real individualism of the Poles. So long as Marshal Pilsudski lived, many people were willing to acquiesce in his by no means totalitarian dictatorship; since his death two years ago, however, the desire for freedom of political choice has been steadily growing. As the nobles and squires of eighteenth-century Poland insisted upon the absolute liberty of the Polish gentleman, so the child of their sentiments is alive today, claiming liberty for the Polish peasant and workman equally with the big landowner or industrialist.

That eighteenth-century libertarianism, it is true, finally cost the Poles their national independence. This provides the present regime with perhaps its only excuse in clinging to the power Pilsudski bequeathed to it, and in struggling to exploit his personal prestige. The Government of Poland is, in fact, hated on account of its policy both at home and abroad. At home hostility is strong against a system based upon elections such as those which were held in 1935; the candidates were all more or less Government-nominated, and since they were largely boycotted by the electorate, it was generally known that the results, as declared, had been falsified. As for the foreign policy of Colonel Beck, it is increasingly unpopular. A majority, and a growing majority, of the Poles condemn his diplomatic flirtation with Germany. The big Peasant party, together with the

Socialists and the moderate National Democrats, the Catholics and the Conservatives, desire close co-operation with France and, in view of a common danger from Germany, a conciliatory policy towards Czechoslovakia. The Franco-Polish *rapprochement*, which Paris hoped to have brought by her loan to Poland, may be dismissed—so long as Colonel Beck remains Foreign Minister—as a mere mirage. The Polish Government made gestures in order to get money ; the French, believing that Beck was to go, appear to have attached no political conditions and the Berlin-Warsaw friendship is now seen by an indignant public to be undisturbed, and relations with Czechoslovakia unimproved.

The regime in Poland is not only unpopular, it is also divided, for it is by no means solidly behind Beck or purely reactionary. The former progressive Prime Minister, Monsieur Koscialkowski, is still in the Cabinet as Minister of Social Welfare, though some believe his fall to be imminent. The *etatisme* of Monsieur Kwiatkowski, the Minister of Finance, is strongly disliked by the banking circles with which the rising figure of Colonel Koc is associated ; people complain, incidentally, that the present currency restrictions should have come earlier or not at all. M. Kwiatkowski may nevertheless survive, since the President, whose assistant in the laboratories of Chorzów he once was, supports him, and he has prestige with the public as the creator of Gdynia. He has now become identified with a grand new project for creating a great triangular industrial reservoir around Sandomierz in the south. The district chosen forms a triangle of hitherto almost undeveloped land, with its base running west to east not far from the mountainous but unalarming Czechoslovakian frontier. The triangle has been placed as far as possible from both Germany and Russia, and is essentially a piece of strategic planning. The proximity of the Carpathians makes available water-power, petroleum, and natural gas, and chemical factories are already established. The triangle, however, is surprisingly innocent of coal, and unfriendly voices say the whole project is therefore chimerical. Kwiatkowski and his more optimistic supporters visualize the gradual transference of the key industries of Upper Silesia from their supremely vulnerable position around Katowice into the security of the triangle. The whole project necessarily involves extensive development

of the communications across a hitherto almost inaccessible area, and will mean a tardy railway connection from Silesia to Volhynia and the fuller exploitation of the Upper Vistula which connects Silesia, Cracow and Warsaw. Last June M. Kwiatkowski unfolded a four-year plan for the expenditure of 1,800,000,000, zloty, beginning with 800,000,000 zloty in 1937 alone; the development of the triangle is made possible partly through the employment of this fund, and partly through the granting of the French loan. Just as Gdynia was to some extent born of the boom years in the twenties, so it is hoped that the O.C.S. (Okreg Centralny Sandomierz) or Central District of Sandomierz will be the child of a new boom; the recent rise of raw material prices, however, temporarily complicates M. Kwiatkowski's task of financing this new national effort. While it is regarded with scepticism by financiers, opinion on the Left tends to condemn a project whose cost necessitates the temporary restraint of a possible rise in the standard of living. So much for M. Kwiatkowski. In some ways the most interesting member of the Government is the Minister of Agriculture, M. Poniatowski. The son of a biggish landowner, in his youth he organized a farm-labourers' strike against his own father, and I have heard him described as fanatically eager to give land to the peasants—a modern Joseph II was suggested. But he has to contend not only with the traditional resistance of the big landed proprietors and the traditional difficulty of financing new farms, but also with opposition from the—in Poland—exceedingly powerful Army; the generals naturally regard large-scale farming as eminently desirable from the point of view of the food supply in war-time.

Divided, as it is, the regime has been making gestures in all directions to gain popularity. Marshal Smigly-Rydz was brought forward as a new figure-head, but somehow his personality has failed to assert itself. Not long ago, when addressing a gathering of Legionaries, he declared that the days of privilege were over, and other such glances have been thrown towards the masses. The most recent attempt to gain a more substantial following for the Government was made, after long preparation, last February when Colonel Koc proclaimed his programme for

the construction of a Camp of National Unity*, a task entrusted to him by Smigly-Rydz himself. The Koc programme laid great emphasis on the exigencies of National Defence, and, following upon Kwiatkowski's Triangle declarations, should have provided an inspiring ideology to decorate the practical framework of the O.C.S. It was, however, distinguished by nothing but obscurity, finally inclining rather vaguely to the Right, to the Catholic Church, and the anti-Semites.

In spite of the group of Liberal intellectuals behind the *Kurjer Warszawski* who continue to call themselves National Democrats, the great mass of this party (still led by M. Dmowski) comprises the main block of political opinion on the Right. The majority of the National Democrat Party is actually in sympathy with the policy of the Government provided this policy becomes more pronouncedly anti-Semitic. But the National Democrats wish themselves to replace the men in power, whom they thoroughly distrust ; the recent dissolution of the anti-Semitic student's clubs is proof to them that Koc anti-Semitism is not to be taken too seriously.

Out of the thirty-four millions who inhabit Poland, some twenty-four millions are peasants ; to satisfy the peasantry must therefore be a major objective for any Polish Government. The Peasants' or People's Party, moreover, was never reconciled to Pilsudski's seizure of power in 1926, followed a few years' later by the expulsion of M. Witos, its chief. It is now generally considered to be the largest party in the country. To this very serious opponent Colonel Koc offered nothing more substantial than a phrase about " the complete modification of the structure of the agricultural class and improvement of rural conditions." In some of the villages the police found such disrespectful comments adorning the posters which announced the Koc programme that they preferred to take the posters down.

The Peasants' political organization in Poland is remarkably interesting, and little is known about it in the rest of the world. The People's Party was founded in Galicia (Little Poland) in 1895, and belongs essentially to south-western Poland, the provinces which, thanks partly to Austrian rule, may be considered the most civilized part of the country. In the Austrian

* In Polish, Oboz Zjednoczenia Narodowego, and therefore referred to as the O.Z.N.

Parliament before the war the Galician peasants were already led by the peasant Witos. After the war they fought enthusiastically against the Russian invaders in 1920 when Witos was Prime Minister of a democratic Poland. Ever since the Pilsudski coup of 1926 the peasants have remained unreconciled. Their stubborn hostility has subsequently increased, partly on account of their sufferings in the years of economic depression, for which the regime was scarcely to blame, and partly on account of bureaucratic and police oppression in the villages. For after the condemnation and exile of Witos the Government tried to stamp out his party organization, and the police methods used were anything but tender. All officials came to be regarded as enemies in the villages because they were the nominees of the Pilsudski regime and depended upon it to keep their jobs. In Western Galicia, particularly, the villagers have waged a war of passive resistance against every schoolmaster, and the children have gladly joined issue in thwarting that unfortunate official. Peasants who accept work or assistance from the Government hasten to explain to their comrades that nothing but starvation would have induced them to do so.

It has been said that Poland contains a peasantry comparable with that of Slovakia, intellectuals comparable with those of Austria, while the Polish Army plays the role of the Army in Japan. There is a good deal to be said for this view of the intellectuals and the officers of Poland, but the Polish peasant is on the whole more positively democratic and less blindly clerical than his brother across the Tatra mountains. While Witos was usually on good terms with the Catholic Church, his followers are nowadays inclined to look askance at too much clerical influence, for instance in education. With peasant holdings exceedingly small and constantly subject to further partition among the sons of a father, the People's Party is fighting essentially for land as it is for political freedom. The Peasants always disapproved of Pilsudski, who was, after all, both a socialist and a squire ; they believe that he protected the big estates, and they demand that those that remain shall be confiscated and distributed among themselves. Further they desire free elections, local self-government and the return of Witos, who has become a glorified symbol for Land and Freedom.

The Peasants, of course, are enthusiastic patriots, as proud of the Army and as hostile to Russia as any Polish authority could wish. It is characteristic that when Marshal Smigly-Rydz went to address a mass meeting of peasants at Nowosielce (which has peasant-hero traditions) last June, his audience shouted, " Long live Poland ; Long live the Army ; Long live Witos ; " but never a word for Smigly-Rydz.

It is difficult to discover how strong the organization of the People's Party actually is. In recent years its different sections have reunited and it is said that large numbers of new subscribers have recently joined up. Though Western Galicia in a sense remains headquarters, the organization has been spreading, and has gained recruits even in Ukrainian territory, where the people will normally interest themselves only in Ukrainian nationalist organizations. Sometimes the police drive home the Peasant Party organizers back to their villages in the south ; they come home, then, after days on foot and without food. Towards the Koc appeal, which in a sense was directed specially to it, the People's Party has answered with a suspicious and unhesitating no ; it has consequently met with renewed harshness from the powers that be, interspersed, of course, with free joy-rides to Warsaw for peasants who agreed to come out for the Government. But those who have accepted such bribes have mostly been rigidly boycotted by their villages when they returned home. The leaders of the party arrange great meetings of peasants on dates and in places with traditional or patriotic associations so that it is embarrassing for the Government to forbid them—at Whitsun, for instance, or in August when the Soviet troops were beaten in 1920. On such occasions the authorities have sometimes decided to hold the meeting themselves. A test case was offered on April 18th of this year when the People's Party called a mass meeting at Raclawice, a place inseparably connected with Kosciuszko's victory over the Russians. It is an eloquent fact that two months after the Koc declaration, the Government felt constrained on April 11th to ban this meeting on the ground that Communists were expected to exploit the occasion. But the Peasants are undismayed and are said, on the contrary, to be strengthening their executive by the appointment of new leaders ; meanwhile they are organiz-

ing meetings farther afield—even in the neighbourhood of the Lithuanian frontier—so as to demonstrate their expanding strength.

From the point of view of effective opposition the existence of the huge Ukrainian minority of about six and a half million people tends to be disadvantageous. For although the Ukrainians are an agricultural population, they are concerned not so much about their common interest with the peasants of Poland proper, as with their national survival. Indeed they are probably aware that the peasants of the Polish People's Party claim a right to settle some of their people in the Ukraine, where the rural population is less crowded and the soil is rich. Before 1934 the Ukrainians lived on much worse terms with the Government than any of the Polish groups, and the State police exercised coercive control in every department of Ukrainian life. But owing to a reversal of Polish official policy after the Agreement with Germany and the murder of M. Pieracki, and also owing to bad news from the Russian Ukraine, the Polish Ukrainians now regard the Warsaw regime as rather less dangerous than any other ally or patron. The Polish People's Party is therefore unable to enlist the Ukrainian peasantry to any important extent on the side of the peasant opposition to the Polish Government. As for a couple of million of White Russians in the north and east, they are too Russian to march with Poles and, in any case, exceedingly primitive and poor.

The inevitable conflict between country and town makes co-operation between the peasants and the socialist industrial workers erratic and difficult ; in Warsaw the Centrolew alliance tradition of 1930 seems more vigorous than in Cracow. The People's Party has never quite forgiven the Socialists for the strike which enabled Pilsudski to gain power in 1926. The Peasants believe that Pilsudski combined the worst of both worlds, a squirearchic mentality with regard to the land and Socialistic tendencies in labour questions ; they forget, perhaps, how strongly military considerations weighed with the Marshal. The Socialists, at any rate, they regard as untrustworthy, while the Socialists, in their turn, know too much of the mentality of the small farmer when he plays the employer. Today a new barrier divides the peasants from the Socialists, for in the last

few years the peasants have turned against the Jews. Traditionally the Polish peasant divides his land among his children. With the agricultural depression, however, the enterprising members of the younger generation turned their minds to the chances of setting up shop in the nearest town. It was then that they found something of a Jewish monopoly in small shopkeeping, an occupation which no one but a Jew had hitherto wished to undertake. "This is our country," the Polish peasants' sons said, "yet we cannot live on the land nor work in the towns. . . ." It should not be forgotten that, whereas the Jews in Germany before 1933 constituted about 1 per cent. of the population and were mostly assimilated, the Jews in Poland form a minority of about 10 per cent., largely preserving its own language, religion, and customs.

Though many of the Jews are completely reactionary, the Polish Socialists work in friendly co-operation with those on the Left. In the illegal Polish Communist Party the proportion of Jews is also probably high, but although there are some who press for a Popular Front, the Socialist Party is officially opposed to working with the Communists. This is partly a matter of Polish dislike for anything Russian; indeed, I have heard of Polish Communists who are anti-Russian. The Peasants, of course, suspect even the Right Wing Socialists and Trades Union leaders of not being sufficiently hostile to Russian conceptions.

As a matter of fact the Socialists may now be regarded as enemies of quite as uncompromising a kind as the Peasants to the Warsaw regime; indeed the harsher action of the police since Colonel Koc made his appeal for national co-operation has involved rather more Socialist than Peasant arrests. Round about May 1st is, of course, the police season for hunting Reds, and there are plenty of Communists imprisoned in the notorious concentration camp at Bereza Kartuska. But though the Socialists are strong in Warsaw, Radom, Lodz, Piotrkow, and Mlawa, they are not a decisive factor in Polish politics. An interesting example of their inefficacy is provided by the great industrial area of Upper Silesia, where the miners and metal-workers still belong rather to the Christian Democrat Party than to the Socialists.

Upper Silesia is the stronghold of the Catholic Christian Democrat Party in Poland. When this was German territory, the Polish population could best emphasize its Polish character by a demonstration of ardent Catholicism, and Korfanty, who virtually won this country for Poland, was essentially a Catholic and a democrat. Today Upper Silesia is as hostile as the angriest village in Western Galicia to the Warsaw regime. It hotly resents the liquidation of democracy and the exile of Korfanty himself, who was imprisoned in Brest together with Witos and Liebermann in 1930, and more recently forced to leave Poland. According to the Geneva Convention of 1922, Upper Silesia enjoys autonomy, but the Upper Silesians complain that the government of the Colonels has reduced this to a farce. The Upper Silesian Seym is filled with Government nominees, and Upper Silesian officials have been dismissed in favour of immigrant bureaucrats from Warsaw. Granzinski, the Voivod, justifies this sort of thing by saying that pro-German activities compel him to regard the local people as unreliable, when in fact the people he victimizes are often followers of Korfanty and as anti-German as only Upper Silesian Poles know how to be. The Upper Silesians have tremendously strong local patriotism, but their national feeling is all the more impressive when one remembers that these are Poles who were cut off from Poland to become Bohemian in 1335, four and a half centuries before the rest of Poland was partitioned.

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The question of Upper Silesia brings one back to the question of German-Polish relations and Colonel Beck's policy. Feeling on both sides of the German-Polish frontiers has never really subsided in spite of the 1934 Agreement, and it has recently been rising to a feverish level. The German press has been following the recent extension of the administrative frontiers of Pomorze and Poznania (formerly German Pomerelia and Posen) with outspoken misgiving; the Geneva Convention expires on July 15th of this year, and it is expected that Upper Silesia also will then be extended to the east, with a consequent weakening of the German element. After July 15th the last German estates, hitherto safeguarded against parcellation, will be at the mercy of the Polish authorities. A few months ago Granzinski himself implied, in a speech at the funeral of a friend born in a

Polish district of present-day Germany, that there was more liberation yet to be done at Germany's expense. Early in April, during a " Pomorze week," the Polish Western Society at a meeting at Grudziadz (Graudenz) expressed similar sentiments. Both incidents aroused indignation in Germany. The Poles for their part are angered by German treatment of the Polish minority in Germany which they believe to be very much worse than that of the Germans in Poland.

It is, however, with regard to Danzig that Polish public opinion most wholeheartedly condemns the diplomacy of the Foreign Minister. A very able indictment of this has recently come from the pen of Dr. Henryk Strasburger, President of the association of Polish industrialists, and a well-known public figure of moderate views. Dr. Strasburger was the Polish representative in Danzig from 1924 to 1932 ; in a book called *The Question of Danzig* (*Sprawa Gdanska*) he has shown that M. Beck has played straight into Germany's hands by conniving at the destruction of the anti-Nazi parties in Danzig. For the consequent *Gleichschaltung* will facilitate the German annexation of Danzig whenever Berlin may desire it. And when Germany once has Danzig, she will control Gdynia and Pomorze (the " Corridor "), she will be able to cut off Polish war supplies, and Polish independence will lie at her mercy. It was suicidal, Dr. Strasburger holds, not to have backed up the authority of the League. He believes it is not too late to reverse this policy and to exploit Germany's dependence upon the friendship of Poland. In Dr. Strasburger's view and that of the large majority of his countrymen, however, Colonel Beck has been throwing away Poland's trump cards. *The Question of Danzig* had an excellent reception in the press, especially in the most important opposition paper, the National Democrat *Kurjer Warszawski* ; another newspaper remarked that Dr. Strasburger's book and M. Beck's illness were the most noteworthy occurrences in foreign affairs during the early months of 1937. M. Beck appears, however, to have recovered sufficiently to pursue his Francophobe inclinations pretty vigorously in Bucharest. His prestige with the President is very considerable, and he induces many of his countrymen to believe that he has a great European

reputation ; his visit to London last November was superlatively reported in Warsaw.

With all-round condemnation of its policy both at home and abroad, what will the Polish Government do ? " They cannot continue to rule against the people," one hears on all sides. The regime still hopes to succeed in conciliating the Peasants, but there seems little ground for any such expectation, and unless it can be realized the Government will remain without any mass support. The ruling clique, however, makes no indication of surrender ; on the contrary, threats are in the air that if the nation will not march willingly it will be compelled. All sorts of allegiances exist in the powerful Army, among whose officers Colonel Beck finds some of his strongest supporters. But, while the Army is important and popular and the Poles are possessed of the best type of military spirit, they are no more militaristic than the French ; the Polish Peasants who cry, " Long live the Army " would never accept the mechanical divinity of a Prussian officers' caste. It is impossible, therefore, to guess how much regimentation the Colonels could succeed in imposing upon their country. Indeed the wisest people I met in Poland told me I should be lucky to leave it with any idea of what was taking place ; they did not believe that anyone could tell.

A CANOE ON THE SWANNEE.

By Major R. Raven-Hart.

THERE *is* a Swannee River.

The fact that Stephen Foster never saw it, probably never knew where it was when he wrote that song makes no difference, I had to canoe it.

And it was worth it. Very clear and yet red-brown in colour, like floating on sherry, it has a useful little current, swirling round the sharp corners that are a feature of it—in one section it quite literally flows in every compass-direction within a distance of two miles. It was high when I did it; regrettably, as the steep banks which add so much to its charm were not so high above the water as they should have been, and the easy "shoals" which add interest to the navigation were all drowned out, imperceptible except for a few extra eddies on the surface as we passed over them.

It is a lonely river. In the hundred and sixty miles that we saw of it there is no town of more than a thousand people, and only two that can possibly rank as more than hamlets. It was never a "plantation" river; there were never any "old folks at home" in the sense of the song—its only brief period of prosperity was when saw mills and turpentine-stills were exploiting its forests. Today the rare villages are decaying these forests having been worked out, and houses are being torn down for use elsewhere, railway-tracks removed, bridges abandoned to decay. One of our stops, Fayetteville, was once a town with three "stores" and five saloons and fights and prostitutes and murders galore. Today there is only one house there, a patched-up wooden building in which we stayed, guests of the owners of the now almost worthless land for miles around.

They were charming people. The widowed mother ran the place, with the help of a silent, shrivelled-up old grandmother who would not "set to the table till the men-folks was through" (she chewed tobacco disconcertingly; to be more exact, she "lipped snuff," rubbing it on her gums with a twig frayed at the

end, her " snuff-stick ") and of a dark-eyed, smooth-skinned, very Irish lad of sixteen. There was no other house for miles ; but the boy was getting his schooling, rising at six every weekday to walk a couple of miles to the high-road, there to be picked up by one of the school buses that have so revolutionised country welfare in America, and taken to the County Seat.

They fed us excellently (food is an important item to canoers—perhaps the most important, next to the weather), on the ever-present Southern " grits," a sort of porridge made from maize-meal which I never got to like, bacon, pork, eggs, turnip-tops (so much a standard vegetable that if you want what we call turnips you must ask for " turnip roots "), " biscuits," otherwise hot rusks that arrived in an inexhaustible supply from the kitchen, and good coffee with " short sweetening " (sugar and not cane-syrup which is " long ").

Another night we spent in a deserted house—it was March, and even in Florida March nights can be unpleasantly cool in a tent—a well-built wooden affair, planks and shingles, perhaps thirty by twenty feet, rudely divided up into rooms by partitions of cardboard from old boxes, with windows of mosquito-screening and oiled canvas, the heavy plank doors standing hospitably ajar for us. It fascinated me to learn what I could of the ex-occupants ; that they had left in the autumn of the previous year, to judge from the newspapers pasted on the walls to stops cracks ; that they had one child, a boy I think, since there was a soap-box motor-car with tins for headlights and the lid of a larger tin for a steering-wheel (they had also once possessed a real car, as fragments of it proved) ; they had raised chickens, tomatoes, okra, and peas, in a neatly-fenced garden, using the old zig-zag, nailless fence that I had first seen in Virginia ; and tobacco, as fragments in a log-built drying-barn showed ; there was a pig-pen, built in the old log-cabin tradition with notched logs overlapping at the corners, and very strong, to keep the animals safe from marauding wild-cats. Most pathetic was the half-finished chimney in the centre of the house, starting about five feet from the floor on a wooden platform, to economise bricks (wood was to be had for the cutting, bricks had to be hauled in), but not yet reaching the roof—a plumb-line hanging from a rafter still showed the way it was to have been

completed. A rustic chair, hickory framing and split hickory laths for seat, came in useful to us. There was a broom there too, practically new—but it is unlucky, Robert, my Florida companion told me, to take a broom from a house to a new one.

We speculated drowsily there, in our sleeping-bags on a mattress of palmetto-leaves (faintly aromatic like the ghost of new-mown hay, rustley, springy-soft) as to why they had "taken out and goed off." Our most consoling solution was that it had been for the sake of the "little old young-un," reaching school-age—American parents are ready to sacrifice everything to give their children an education, with pathetic trust in its magic. I hope this was the reason rather than mere despair; the thought of all that wasted labour and hope made me feel miserable.

Another night was spent at a "tourist-camp," one of these assemblages of wooden cabins that exorbitant hotel prices have caused to flourish along American roads; another was at Branford, one of the two Swannee River townlets. Our hostess at the little inn here insisted that we register, as she had never had had a foreigner on her books before. The last entry in the register was dated a couple of years previously, and I thought of the immediate and elaborate police-prescribed registrations of European countries. She was amused and a little apologetic next day in telling us that the Sheriff had called to enquire who we were, and above all how we had arrived. She herself, like small boys chatted with in the street, was at first incredible of our canoe-journey—"From White Springs? Sho'nuff? Well, that's *one* way of travelling! But I don't see as how you ain't jest as good to do it thataways if you're a mind to." Robert also took this police-enquiry as an amusing instance of village inquisitiveness: to me, on the contrary, with memories of Europe, it seemed logical that the Sheriff *should* enquire. I had trouble to explain to Robert that he might well have asked to see our papers into the bargain. ("Papers? How d'you mean, papers?")

Except at villages we rarely saw anyone, still more rarely any negroes. Florida never had a large population of them, and in any case this Swannee River was a border-line, the people West of it discouraging coloured labour altogether. As an

old resident told us, " if you aimed to git a nigger fur a job, and you said hit was acrost the Swannee, he'd take out and run a mile :" so that apparently at most it might have been " Way down upon one bank of the Swannee River."

But the wild life amply compensated us for the absence of humans. Blue herons abounded, lazily flapping ahead of us and wild duck by dozens ; kingfishers, black-and-white and very tame, sitting to watch us float past or diving at us with their rattle-cry of annoyance ; buzzards and all sorts of hawks ; cardinals, superbly, impudently tame as if assuming that their beauty protects them ; and " turtles," sitting in rows on logs and falling off as we neared, one after the other, so regularly that I felt that their plops into the water should have sounded a Disney-scale. We saw no alligators though I came with the idea that Florida rivers were alive with them, that one had to push them out of the way to be able to land. Whip-poor-wills, hoot-owls and chickadees we heard, and mocking-birds. (In Florida if you ask anyone what bird it is that you hear, he will say that it is a mocking-bird—or so it seemed to me—and the worst of it is that you cannot prove him wrong, since its repertory is unlimited.)

As I say, it was March, early spring, chilly in the morning and the evening (" Airish " as Robert called it) and really too early in the year for canoeing ; but in compensation there were practically no mosquitoes, and the greens of the trees were unbelievable. Willows stooping down to the water, their catkins adding a golden shimmer, translucent emerald over gold; and the acid green of the gum-trees, tall slim giants higher up on the banks ; and the just-sprouting feathery sprays of cypresses, incongruously delicate for the massive conical boles, buttressed like volcanoes from the water ; and everywhere the grey Spanish moss, long trailers of it hanging from every tree, like spider-webs in a Sime picture, creepy and repulsive with imagined stickiness and crawling legs but in reality soft and dry, pleasant to the touch and an excellent stuffing for cushions. Here and there palmettos invaded the banks, like dwarf palms, trunkless, with the leaves from which the fans are made in a dense thicket close to the ground (excellent cover for rattlesnakes, Robert warned me). Here and there also the " red-bud"

trees, with brilliant scarlet flowers dotted sparsely on the bare branches, the leaves not appearing until the flowers have faded. Where the banks were of limestone instead of the usual loamy sand the tree-roots ramified through it, grasping the rock in complicated patterns; the limestone itself was pocked and fissured by the water, and often mineralized to a brilliant yellow, contrasting violently with the dark water below.

A feature of the Swannee is its mineral springs. Continually we found clear water flowing into the wine-coloured river, often with a strong whiff of sulphuretted hydrogen as we passed; but it was that brown-red water of the main stream which ate the varnish from my paddles, thanks to the tannic acid in it from the cypress swamps higher up where it begins its course. The blades were yellow, shiny after some two thousand miles of use when we started; they were white, with the wood showing through after a hundred miles here.

One spring, reached after a short paddle up a clear side-stream, we found bubbling up in a mound at the centre of a crater, a stream starting life full-fledged: we could hardly reach the hillock of water by hard paddling, and were driven off at once to the margins of the pool did we relax for a moment. It was an eerie place, deep under high banks made higher by walls of tall gums and pines, Spanish moss drooping to the water, and the spring perpetually chuckling to itself in the centre. Above, where we climbed to look down on the canoe, were more pines and palmetto, a sudden change of vegetation—longleaf pines in the main, that seem to try to imitate palms with their dishevelled bunches of needles; and the "fatwood" of which makes superb firelighters, as Robert demonstrated when the cold of early mornings brought us unwillingly and rustily from our sleeping-bags.

And so, always with a good current, down to Fort Fanning, name-relic of that Seminole war which ended so ingloriously for the United States with the capture of the Indian leader by treachery and in violation of a flag of truce.

It was a good trip. As a small boy at our destination put it, watching us unload to take the bus; "I figger you-all jest purely enjoyed it," Robert assenting with the Florida phrase of complete and emphatic statement "I *mean* we did."

CONCILIATION IN DIVORCE CASES.

By Claud Mullins.

THE problem of divorce has been considered far too much from the standpoint of those who can pay for professional advice, and the needs of those who cannot have received very one-sided attention. I would suggest that there is a vital distinction between the needs of those in the latter category and those in the former. When a paying client is thinking of divorce, he or she goes to a trusted solicitor and discusses the problem from all angles. Some time elapses before any legal step is taken. Before the solicitor even discusses the question of the *casus belli* and whether the allegations can be proved, he threshes out with his client such questions as the gravity of the immediate situation, the attitude of the other party to the marriage, the situation as regards the children, the probable effect of a decree of divorce upon the whole family, the money aspect of the problem, and so on. Often the solicitor communicates with the legal advisers of the other party long before any hostile action is taken. Before any petition for divorce is launched, there has been a full investigation into the wisdom of so serious a step and into its probable consequences. As a result plenty of clients who entered their solicitor's office intending to petition for divorce find out that there are other and better ways of dealing with a difficult situation. No doubt there are many other clients whose solicitors begin divorce proceedings reluctantly, feeling that there would be better solutions, but compelled to act on their clients' instructions ; at least the solicitors have discharged their duty to advise their clients on all practical aspects of the situation.

It would be roughly accurate to say that no one who does not pay Income Tax can afford to be a paying client of a solicitor in a matrimonial dispute. But, out of a population of forty millions in England and Wales, there are only about 3,500,000 chargeable

to Income Tax (after deducting those above the exemption limits who escape the tax by reason of abatements and allowances). After allowing for the children it is obvious that for every Income Tax payer there are several who do not pay the tax. These latter certainly cannot pay a solicitor in the ordinary way, and the same applies to quite a large number in the lower limits of the Income Tax paying classes.

Despite these facts the divorce problem is and always has been considered mainly from the standpoint of the paying client. It is assumed, for instance, that the Divorce Court can and will prevent injustice to children by ordering alimony to a mother and settlements or allowances for children. I agree that the Court does all it can in this direction. Such orders are made by the Court, but what relevance in fact have such orders for the vast majority of our population who do not pay Income Tax? How can parties living on a scale of about £4 a week or less enforce them? Over and over again as a magistrate I have been asked by women who have obtained a divorce how they can obtain the money that the Court has ordered. If I had the audacity of Mr. Justice Maule I should tell them "The law knows no distinction between rich and poor. You can have your choice between ordinary execution after judgment summons, a writ of *fieri facias* or *elegit*, a writ of sequestration, a receivership, a charging order or garnishee." If I refer such applicants to the County Court, I have to warn them that they cannot begin proceedings until fees amounting to any sum from 1/- to 50/- have been paid to the court, frequently twice over.

If divorce law reformers would attend a sitting of a busy Magistrates' Court when separated wives come seeking the enforcement of the arrears on their maintenance orders, they might view the whole problem in a new light. It is the frequent task of magistrates to divide between a man's two families an income that is scarcely adequate for one.

A financially abortive end to the divorce proceedings of the bulk of our population is sufficiently serious. But far more serious are the differences between paying clients and the masses at the outset of the proceedings. Far be it from my intention to belittle the efforts made by both branches of the legal profession to give voluntary legal aid, but I have no hesitation in saying

(1) that the Poor Persons Rules do not cover a large proportion of those who in fact cannot afford to pay for their own matrimonial litigation, and (2) that the legal aid given is limited of necessity to the litigation ; no one takes the place of the solicitor discussing the problem in all its aspects with his client before any litigation begins.

The fact that the beginning and the ending of the divorce cases of the big majority of our population are both so inadequate constitutes a most serious social problem. Yet in all the discussion on divorce reform since the Royal Commission reported in 1912 this problem has scarcely been discussed ; its existence has even now not been appreciated. Both Parliament and the legal world seem to have soothed themselves with the belief that the existence of the Poor Persons Rules has solved the problem of divorce for the poor. Only those whose work brings them into daily contact with the lives of " the mere uncounted folk " can understand this problem.

In order that a matrimonial dispute shall come within the Poor Persons Rules it is necessary that the income of both husband and wife shall not exceed £2 a week, or in special circumstances £4, and that both together shall not possess more than £50, or in special circumstances £100. The assumption made by our law that all above these limits can afford to be paying clients has no basis in reality. But, apart from this consideration, the amount of money that poor persons have to deposit in respect of expenses (largely the cost of witnesses at the trial) excludes a considerable proportion of those within the Rules. In addition there are the personal expenses of journeying to London or an Assize town to attend the trial. It is not surprising, therefore, that a large number of divorce cases in respect of which certificates under the Rules are granted are never heard by the courts. But a far larger number of possible cases never get as far as a certificate.

Even assuming, however that the Poor Persons Rules are adequate, the serious fact remains that nothing like the services which a solicitor gives to a paying client can be given in a case under the Rules. The solicitor and barrister in the case are concerned solely with the question whether their client's case can be proved in court. To say this is in no way to reflect on the

professional men who without any reward handle these difficult cases; they render noble service and deserve nothing but praise and gratitiude. But there is a great deal of difference between the matrimonial litigation of the paying client and that of the poor person. The former, as I have said, includes both Conciliation and litigation; action in court is taken only when either Conciliation has been tried and has failed or where it is obviously impossible. In Conciliation the last question that is asked is whether the case can be legally proved; before that question comes the full survey of the whole situation, an intelligent anticipation of the future and an exhaustive search into the possibilities that the parties may be satisfied without having to bring their intimate affairs before a court of law. In litigation the only question to be answered is whether sufficient evidence is forthcoming to establish the case in court. The paying client, whether in matrimonial or in other matters, gets both services from his or her lawyers. The poor person only gets litigation.

I have always supported the extension of the grounds of divorce. I endorse the words used by the late Lord Birkenhead in his famous speech in the House of Lords on 24th March,1920, that

> "the spiritual and moral sides of marriage are incomparably more important than the physical side . . . Adultery is a breach of the carnal implications of marriage. Insistence upon the duties of continence and chastity is important. It is vitally important to society. But I have always taken the view that that aspect of marriage was exaggerated, and somewhat crudely exaggerated, in the Marriage Service."

None the less I am equally convinced that divorce, while a necessary safety-valve, is only too often a snare and a delusion. Though my magisterial duties do not bring me into direct contact with the question of divorce, I have learned from experience that even under our present limited facilities many divorces take place among the wage-earners which bring far less happiness to the petitioners than was to be found in the situation before proceedings were begun. Among the wage-earners the man's power in the home by reason of his control of the family's money is immense. Many wives in seeking divorce are, in reality, though frequently they do not know it, obeying their

husbands. A husband becomes bored with his wife, probably because her labours in child-bearing and in maintaining the home have both worn out her physical charm and prevented her from devoting that amount of time to her husband which he enjoyed in the early days of marriage ; he becomes infatuated with someone more physically attractive and less burdened ; he drifts into adultery ; later he thinks that he wants his freedom ; he makes the life of his wife so miserable that she thinks that she would be happier without him ; he trades on this and makes an offer to maintain his wife and children if she will divorce him ; he may honestly believe that he will live with the other woman without having more children and thus be in a position to pay what he has promised his wife, but it may also be that birth control is too difficult and involves too much self-control to make this possible. The wife by now is desperately unhappy; and divorce seems to open a way to happiness. She never reflects upon the rival merits of a maintenance order in a Magistrates' Court and a divorce ; she does not think out whether it is likely that the money promised by her husband will be paid regularly ; she does not know anything of the daily misery exhibited in most Magistrates' Courts when wives come seeking the arrears on their orders and she is even less likely to know of the obstacles in the way of enforcing an order of the Divorce Court ; she cannot weigh up the probable effect of her giving her husband freedom to re-marry ; quite often she cannot test the lasting quality of her husband's present attachment ; she may, or more likely she may not, have any expectation that she too may later make a successful re-marriage ; she may well be unable alone to decide whether such a step is in the true interests of her children.

A paying client has the benefit of a solicitor's advice on these and kindred problems ; it is probable that all such problems will be threshed out before any litigation is begun. The masses who do not pay Income Tax have no such help, and thus many divorces take place under the Poor Persons Rules which result in greater misery and disillusion than ever before. Under the present system the position would become impossible if the solicitors employed in Poor Persons cases were expected to concern themselves with all the preliminary factors which the

solicitor of a paying client investigates. Few lawyers are competent to deal with such questions as the true interests of a married woman of the wage-earning class, the ultimate welfare of her children, etc., without the assistance of social workers familiar with the lives of the particular class of person. Apart from this consideration, the solicitor in a Poor Person case cannot be expected to give the time necessary for such enquiries. Already there is difficulty in London in obtaining enough volunteers among solicitors for Poor Person work. There would be many fewer volunteers if solicitors were expected to investigate the social, as well as the legal, aspects of their Poor Person cases.

Yet it cannot be denied that these cases desperately need social investigation and help. Politicians and journalists sometimes say that it is an insult to the wage-earning classes to suggest that they cannot make up their own minds on these matters ; that they know far better than anyone else what they want. There is unlimited practical experience against this view. Courts of Summary Jurisdiction have had elaborate matrimonial duties since 1895 and in an ever increasing volume they have enjoyed the assistance of religious and social workers in an endeavour to administer these tasks in a human and helpful way. Scarcely a magistrate, a Probation Officer or a Court Missionary could be found to controvert the statement that those who cannot afford to pay for professional advice both need and welcome social assistance in their matrimonial difficulties. The Departmental Committee on the Social Services in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction (1936) reported that "in matrimonial disputes social considerations are mixed up with the purely legal issues, and no court could properly exercise its functions in this direction without bearing this fact in mind." Magistrates do not deal with divorce ; their courts are concerned with the making of separation and maintenance orders and with the custody of children ; they also have the important duty of enforcing payment of the orders that they make. If social investigation and help are found so necessary in the administration of such duties, why should not similar assistance be necessary in divorce cases brought by exactly the same types of people; That question remains unanswered.

Conciliation does not in any way mean a barrier against legal rights. Just as the solicitor of a paying client has sometimes to take legal steps for his client which he personally thinks unwise, similarly such cases occur in Magistrates' Courts. Conciliation means the offering of social assistance, the voluntary and friendly investigation of the whole situation before courts are asked to decide legal issues. In other words, Conciliation machinery seeks to place those who cannot afford to pay for professional assistance on an equality with those who can. The Probation Officers and other social workers at Magistrates' Courts seek to do for the former what solicitors do for the latter up to the point of beginning litigation.

How does Conciliation work in practice? I can only give figures for my own work. In a period of seven months my colleague and I issued 220 matrimonial summonses. All these applicants were invited to discuss their cases with a Probation Officer, who also invited the defendants to the summonses to discuss matters with him. In 45 cases matters were thus adjusted between the parties without any hearing in court. 63 further cases came before me and I was convinced that the decision of the legal issue would not help the parties; all these cases were ultimately adjusted by consent. I heard 112 cases through to the end, dismissed 23 of these and made 89 final orders for the applicants. So far from anyone being barred from legal rights, nobody even went so far as to lodge an appeal. I have never received any complaint against our procedure.

Could Conciliation machinery be incorporated in the machinery of the Divorce Court and Assizes? It exists as an integral part of the judicial procedure in some countries. In *The Times* of 2nd March, 1935, Mr. Thomas Bucknill, an experienced practitioner in the Divorce Court, pleaded for some such machinery: "He would like to see some scheme whereby a judge would inquire much more closely than was feasible as the law now stood into the real reason of the failure, and the future prospects of children, and would satisfy himself that all chance of reconciliation had come to an end." The last letter that the late Sir Frederick Pollock wrote to the press was a plea for the re-modelling of the Divorce Court (*Daily Telegraph*, 14th November, 1936):

> " A court for matrimonial causes should have conciliation for its first object, should have the carriage of the cause in its own hands, and should be entrusted with wide discretion. It should have power to grant a final decree of divorce when, after full enquiry, and consideration, reconciliation proves impracticable, or to make a decree nisi with a discretionary term of anything from three to twelve months . . . When our Divorce Court was created its method and procedure were modelled, rather as a matter of course, on those of our civil courts in matters of ordinary litigation. The business of the court is to do justice on the claims and defences raised by the parties ; it has no power of initiation or inquiry, very little of intervention. At most it can find occasion to make suggestions for a settlement. Such is the frame of our civil procedure . . . The application of that scheme to family relations is, in my humble opinion, all wrong."

I whole-heartedly agree with all these sentiments. The Common Law method of trial by forensic combat has long seemed to me unsuited even to ordinary civil cases, far less to matrimonial disputes. But there is no chance whatever that the lawyers of to-day would even consider such fundamental changes. They are superbly satisfied with our judicial methods. I can see absolutely no chance of Conciliation being incorporated into the machinery of the Divorce Court. Yet something will have to be done before long, even if the grounds for divorce were not extended. His Majesty's judges are getting restless on the subject of their divorce jurisdiction at Assizes. Reports of remarks made by them in court are appearing which tend to undermine the confidence of the public in the administration of our matrimonial laws. The following is an extract from the " Evening Standard " of 10th March last :

> " After granting a decree nisi in a divorce petition at Sussex Assizes at Lewes to-day, Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, said to Mr. Walter Frampton, who appeared for the petitioner : ' Can you tell me why cases of this kind should not be tried in Police Courts, and if possible in batches ? '
>
> " Mr. Frampton : ' I should like to think of the interests of the profession before I answer that question, my Lord.' "

Later, the Lord Chief Justice is reported as having said : " To what do I owe the advantage of having to deal with this rubbishy case at Lewes ? " Mr. Justice Swift has also made protest against the present methods of hearing divorce cases at Assizes.

An undefended divorce case, whether in the Divorce Court or at Assizes, usually takes from five to ten minutes in court, and

ordinarily that is all that the judge sees of the case. It seems to me that nothing but the traditional complacency of both lawyers and public prevents a widespread dissatisfaction with our present methods for hearing divorce cases, both undefended and defended. Once these methods are seriously scrutinised, as Sir Frederick Pollock scrutinised them, drastic reforms seem urgently desirable. But if this is so under present conditions, what must be our conditions when the grounds for divorce are extended and divorce cases are multiplied by three at least?

By reason of present difficulties the plan has been suggested that Magistrates' Courts might be given jurisdiction in divorce. Lord Hewart himself has written: "By way of diminishing difficulties and inequalities, especially as between rich and poor, it is conceivable that 19 divorce cases out of 20, with all their puzzles, may perhaps before very long be heard and determined gratis by those diligent and accomplished gentlemen, the stipendiary magistrates, the County Court judges, and the Chairmen of Quarter Sessions who happen to be lawyers." (*Daily Telegraph*, 22nd October, 1935). When this year's Marriage Bill was first introduced it contained a long clause whereby the divorce cases of those who cannot afford professional fees should begin in Magistrates' ("Police") Courts, and thus come automatically within the social services of these courts. The evidence was to be taken on oath in those courts and then sent up to the High Court. In clear cases that court was to pronounce a decree without calling the parties; other cases were to be re-heard in the Divorce Court. This was no new idea; it was very similar to a scheme propounded several years previously by a well-known expert. The Marriage Bill scheme did not go nearly as far as the ideas propounded by the Lord Chief Justice. But the clause had to be abandoned in Committee because nobody was enthusiastic for it. The idea was still too new for English politics.

When the grounds of divorce are extended, the need for Conciliation in Divorce, already felt, will inevitably become acute. When persistent cruelty, for example, becomes a ground for divorce, serious social harm will be done if there is no Conciliation machinery. Persistent cruelty has long been a ground for a separation order in Magistrates' Courts. In four

months there were fifty-one such cases in my lists. Twenty-nine of them were settled by consent (without any coercion) through our Conciliation machinery. Yet, if the divorce law had already been amended, every one of those fifty-one cases could have been divorce cases, and there would have been nobody at hand to investigate and help.

In *The Times* of 11th November, 1936, I described a case where I was able, by using our Conciliation machinery, to reconcile a couple seeking divorce. The wife came to me to obtain my signature as a witness to her application to the Poor Persons Department. Every element for proving divorce was present in the case. It soon became obvious that the wife was acting under her husband's coercion and in complete ignorance of her legal rights. By consent we first issued a summons for desertion, thus bringing the case within the jurisdiction of my court. Both parties were seen several times by our Probation Officers. In the end the summons was withdrawn at the request of both parties, and nearly two years later the Probation Officer reported to me that she had been in touch with the couple throughout and that they were living happily together.

If the grounds for divorce are extended *without* the introduction of Conciliation, three results must follow. (1) Grave social harm will be caused by the granting of divorce decrees to parties who are not irreparably parted, (2) work under the Poor Persons Rules must become congested as the result of including many cases that could be settled by Conciliation, and (3) there is bound to be grave disappointment, with serious consequences to children, because the High Court has no cheap and local procedure for enforcing maintenance payments. A few words are necessary in regard to the second of these results. Already the Law Society, which is responsible for the working of the Poor Persons Rules, has expressed anxiety as to the results which must follow the extension of the grounds for divorce, e.g., in its Annual Report issued in February last. This anxiety is very intelligible, and in my view the position will become worse than is feared. When the grounds for divorce are extended, I anticipate chaos both in the working of the Rules and in the courts themselves. But what I fear most is that this chaos will result in ever greater harm to the parties concerned and to their children.

The one lesson that six years of matrimonial work have taught me is that even the intelligent need social, as well as legal, help in their domestic crises. (It comes as news to plenty of women in Magistrates' Courts that, separated or together, they can never have more money than they would have if together; many women seem to think that a court order is as good as an order on the Bank of England). If this is true as regards problems of separation by magistrates, how much more is it true as regards divorce by the High Court? Every matrimonial order made by magistrates can be annulled by the agreement of the parties to live together again, but divorce affects status and has permanent results. Before long the matrimonial work in Magistrates' Courts will be reformed and the recommendations of the Departmental Committee on the Social Services in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction will be carried out. Then there must be an unanswerable case for using their Conciliation machinery in some way or other for the divorce cases of those who cannot pay for adequate legal service. The Lord Chief Justice referred in his *Daily Telegraph* article to stipendiary magistrates only, but in my opinion it would be neither practicable nor wise to confer divorce duties only on those comparatively few Magistrates' Courts which have stipendiary magistrates. Marriage cases involve much more than mere law, and the presence of good lay magistrates is in my view a great advantage. When these courts are reformed in their matrimonial work, it seems to me that all of them should be given some divorce jurisdiction. It surely cannot pass the wit of man to evolve some scheme whereby (1) those who cannot afford to pay for their own legal assistance come first to Magistrates' Courts and thus have available the Conciliation machinery of those courts, and (2) when such cases result in decrees, all payments are either made through or are supervised by those courts. With a scheme of this nature at work I can see no reason why we should be fearful of the results, legal or social, of the extension of the grounds for divorce.

BRITAIN AND THE AIR PERIL.

By Jonathan Griffin.

THE scene is a British battleship, at the Silver Jubilee Naval Review in 1935. An exalted naval officer is being questioned by a journalist. "What do you reckon to do if a shell lands in this control room?" "Run the ship from the armoured chamber below us. Of course the view from there isn't so good." "And if that, too, is put out of action?" "Then the ship will be steered from a position aft. The gun turrets will have to run themselves." "And if that, too, is shot away?" "Then, of course," answers the naval officer a trifle grimly, "we shall have to think again."

What can be done to prevent the bombing of cities? The fate of Guernica has forced this question to the front of the mind of every sane person. What must we do to prevent an insane exchange of Guernicas, Europe-wide? In 1932 and 1933 the problem was much simpler than now. "The bomber," Mr. Baldwin told us in November, 1932, "will always get through" (not all the bombers, but some of them, with terrible power to kill and destroy): therefore, "the air forces ought all to be abolished." But since in civil aviation there would still be potential bombers, "it is necessary for the nations of the world concerned . . . to devote the whole of their minds . . . to see if it is possible so to control civil aviation that such disarmament will be feasible." And in the spring of 1933, at the Disarmament Conference, there really was (if the British Government had pressed it) a chance of an international agreement to abolish national air forces and submit civil flying to ownership or control by an international body, reinforced perhaps by an international air police. Since then the air menace has hardly lessened; it is at least as fully true now as in 1932 that the only hope of complete immunity from air attack is the internationalisation of air power. But few people can think that the

internationalisation of air power is now, in any near future, practical politics. Those, therefore, who cannot bear to sit by idle and wait for irreparable devastation must "think again."

There is, luckily, a solid basis for "thinking again"—a modern development which, if rightly used, will give us the power to make the bombing of cities highly unlikely. This is the fact that modern war is becoming more and more its own deterrent. In the words of Captain Liddell Hart, military correspondent of *The Times*:

> "Compared with the present state of flux, it was simple to make military calculations in the past. The elements of strength were to a great extent calculable. To embark on war then was no greater hazard than that of betting on the favourite—and yet the favourite has often lost. To-day it is like backing a horse that has never run, and whose breeding even is unknown . . . . The uncertainty which exists as to the actual state of the various nations' forces is nothing to the uncertainty which prevails as to their effect."*

And in all this uncertainty one thing is certain—that at present the vitals of every country, except Russia and the U.S.A., are exposed to air attack. Small wonder that already we see incidents and invective-contests, which before 1914 would have led straight to war, pass without irreparable harm. Already it is at least unlikely that any Government or General Staff will choose to let loose near its own country the incalculable forces of modern war, unless it is either made desperate by a growing and deadly menace or tempted by a chance of quick decisive victory. Here is our opportunity, If we can make a short war impossible we can make any war improbable. Our first aim must be to deprive all nations of all chance of winning a quick victory by a ruthless attack from the air; and to do this by a method which does not force any nation to feel that an attempt at such a victory is its only chance of survival.

This involves a new policy of national defence—the policy of *mainly non-menacing defence*. Great Britain must change her present rearmament policy, whose main emphasis is on competitive counter-menaces, into a policy of relying mainly on measures that will reduce this country's vulnerability

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* *Europe in Arms*; Faber, 1937, 12/6; p. 20.

without menacing other countries. These measures must include :

(*a*) storage of at least a year's supplies of essential food-stuffs, in small stores dispersed about the country ;
(*b*) up-to-date anti-aircraft batteries ;
(*c*) duplication and protection of the essential services on a large scale ;
(*d*) concentration of research on to food storage, " agrobiology," fire-fighting, anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, bomb-proof architecture and all other non-menacing methods of reducing vulnerability.

This change to a policy of mainly non-menacing defence is not merely desirable and hopeful, it is necessary and urgent—both for the prevention of war and for the defence of democratic Britain if war should come. Take the prevention of war first. There are two reasons why, if international anarchy is to be replaced by a collective peace system, it is not enough to make it clear that the arms of Britain will be used for collective security, while allowing the *type* of rearmament to remain as it is. The first reason is that, if the present sort of competitive rearmament—the matching of bombers against bombers—is allowed to go on, it can only lead to a situation where every country is hopelessly defenceless, yet each country has one chance of a quick decisive victory ; to get in first with a knock-out blow from the air. That is precisely the situation in which a sudden spontaneous combustion is most likely. *Competitive rearmament in which the main emphasis is on power of aerial counter-attack is bound to produce an explosive situation, even if most of the Powers so rearming intend to use these terrific armaments for collective security.* The second reason is that Great Britain is now not only vulnerable to air attack, but far more vulnerable than any near-by Great Power. One consequence is that there is real danger that a desperate and militarized country, confronted by an alliance of any sort (even against aggression only) and noticing that one of its key members is so peculiarly vulnerable as to promise a chance of quick victory to a sudden aggression, may seize that chance. And clearly, in face of this danger, Great Britain's contribution to collective security of any kind cannot be made reliable, until Great Britain's vulnerability is so reduced as to offer no chance of a quick victory to a sudden attack from the air.

These considerations are not academic: they have been determining policy. Witness this statement by Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons on February 18:

> "Under any system of collective security this country would be *the first* to stand the racket in the air, provided that the country against whom collective security was engaged was within a radius from which she could bomb us."*

The conclusion is inescapable; if we want to make collective security actual, the first essential is so to reduce this country's vulnerability as to deprive any near-by Power of all chance to win a quick victory by attacking the cities of Britain ruthlessly from the air.

But the policy of mainly non-menacing defence is equally the first essential granted that we only want Great Britain and the Empire to have the most genuine national defence still possible if war should come. We are told that in the air the best defence is offence. That would be true at present if—but only if—all countries were equally vulnerable. They are not. What follows? First, since Great Britain is exceptionally vulnerable, even if we kept a force of bombers "equal" to that of the strongest Power within striking distance, we could not come near doing equivalent damage. How then will our bombers deter or stop attacks? Secondly, the more bombers on each side, the greater the effective disadvantage of the more vulnerable; so that the matching of bombers against bombers is just the kind of competitive rearming which is bound to go against Great Britain more and more. Thirdly, to equip an exceptionally, temptingly vulnerable country, centre of a coveted empire, with more and more menacing armaments is probably the policy most likely to produce disastrous war; because this policy combines three powerful inducements to aggression—opportunity, a prize, and fear. Surely this is commonsense: that for a temptingly vulnerable country to rely mainly on power of aerial counter-attack is to court both war and defeat.

What answer is there to this distasteful reasoning, except the policy of mainly non-menacing defence? Air-Commodore Charlton has tried to suggest one. He suggests that "we have one asset possessed by no other country, an unassailable position.

* Hansard, col. 1514, author's italics.

of financial strength, and in the long run we must inevitably win in a long-distance armament race . . . . With a two or three-Power standard of bomber force, with which to offset our extra vulnerability and assume superiority in the air we could ensure peace . . ."* If that is the view underlying the policy of the British Government, let us hope it will soon be changed. For consider its likely consequences. What would a near-by Great Power do if it saw a country, still temptingly vulnerable, trying to gain a decisive superiority in the most deadly of menacing weapons? First, it would speed up its own building of bombers, trying to keep up in the life-and-death race. Then, if it found it was losing and bound to lose, surely it would strike, suddenly and with all its force. What else could it do? The one fact, that at present in the air the tactical defensive has tremendous disadvantages, does not wipe out the other fact, that a temptingly vulnerable country, if it relies mainly on counter-menaces, runs into double danger of both inviting and provoking attack.

Both peace and defence then, for all these reasons, require of Great Britain a change to a policy of mainly non-menacing defence. This change of policy is absolutely necessary in order to meet the utter change made by aviation in the effective geographical situation of the greatest imperial Power. "But," the worried reader will be asking, "has it much chance of success? Since we cannot alter geography, how can we end our exceptional vulnerability? And does not the fact remain that in the air the tactical offensive has the advantage, that some bombers are almost bound to get through, that gas-proof rooms are little good even to the rich, etc., etc?" The answer, briefly, is this. The policy of mainly non-menacing defence, by itself, may neither prevent all bombers from getting through nor give much protection to people in places directly hit by bombs. But it will reduce the number of bombers that can get through and prevent the results of air attack from involving

* *United Services Review*, May 13, 1937. Major J. R. Kennedy likewise writes: "The destruction of no other capital in the world would be a compensation for that of London . . . Yet if an enemy country could be attacked as a whole, some balance might be achieved . . . Parity in the air . . . would be useless for that. A two-Power standard in the air might achieve it . . . But as we have so much at stake, a three-Power standard would be better." (*Modern War and Defence Reconstruction;* Hutchinson, 1936, pp. 210, 218).

perhaps hundreds of thousands of people in places not directly hit. This will do more than directly save lives and limit damage : it will reduce Great Britain's vulnerability decisively. Great Britain is likely to remain comparatively vulnerable ; but she need not, must not, remain temptingly vulnerable. As soon as we have got a year's essential food in dispersed storage, up-to-date anti-aircraft batteries at every vital point, the essential services duplicated and protected, and research busy mainly on non-menacing defences, Great Britain's vulnerability will already be so much reduced as to offer a manifestly poor chance of quick decisive victory to an aggressor from the air. This will not only in itself make war unlikely (for the reasons given at the start of this article), but will also make genuine collective security possible.

That brings us back to the wider effects of the policy here proposed. If collective security should prove now out of reach, then the policy of mainly non-menacing defence would be the least dangerous course still open to us ; for, besides avoiding the danger of at once inviting and provoking attack, it must tend to make war less and less likely by depriving war-like countries (which are already being forced to see that a short war is the only kind of war that could now pay them) of any prospect of a successful short war. But also a British policy of mainly non-menacing defence is the essential condition of collective security in a Europe where there are air forces.

How easy it is to forget that air power occupied the political map only after the drafting of the Covenant ! And its effects ? In the first place, air power has given us the chance to remove one of the great obstacles to collective security, which may be called " geographical inequality of burden." An instance of it is that there are many regions where, if an aggression takes place, collective resistance must be largely naval, so that the burden will fall unfairly on Great Britain ; and this, of course, was one cause of the Manchurian disaster. But, since every nation in the European area is within aerial striking distance of several others, any aggression in the European area could instantly be met by overwhelming collective air power. It may be that an open convention limiting and co-ordinating

national air forces is not enough—that the only real collective security against war from the air is to transfer air power, civil and military, to international ownership. But, the fact remains, air power has given us the technical means to remove one great obstacle to collective security—geographical inequality of burden. The trouble is that the really grave obstacle to collective security is *geographical inequality of vulnerability*; and this the aeroplane has intensified terribly. Different countries have, of course, always been unequally vulnerable, and this has always been one of the chief determining factors in both their foreign policies and defence policies; but it has never happened before that geographical differences have placed a Great Power at a decisive, tempting disadvantage in face of a weapon that can suddenly deal overwhelming devastation and cannot be completely parried. Great Britain was less vulnerable than any European Great Power; she is now the reverse. This means, of course, that collective security, throughout Europe at least, is a more vital British interest even than it was when Great Britain signed the Covenant; yet at the same time the Achilles' heel of collective peace is the tempting vulnerability of Great Britain.

The conclusion is clear and urgent. The policy of concentrating our £1,500,000,000 mainly on reducing vulnerability by non-menacing means is essential to peace. It should be made the basis of a new effort to build up collective security against aggression throughout Europe. Even if this effort should fail (and it is more likely to succeed than any previous attempt, now that air power can be used to even out geographical inequality of burden), mainly non-menacing defence can diminish substantially the danger from the air—and it is the only policy that can.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE FARMERS.

By Cloudesley Brereton

SIX months ago in an article in the Fortnightly, on War Time Food Supplies, I described the extraordinary inertia of the Government in dealing with the question of increasing our home production of foodstuffs and of laying in adequate stores to meet a sudden outbreak of war. Shortly after the article appeared the Minister for the Co-ordination of National Defence, Sir Thomas Inskip, in a farmers' dinner at Fareham, raised a hope that, after nearly a year of committee after committee appointed to study all aspects of the question, we were at last on the eve of something tangible being done. He laid stress on

> "the need to increase agricultural production so that the claims of the Navy and Mercantile Marine might be reduced in event of war. The Government has such an obvious motive [*obviously after twelve months*!] to encourage the agricultural industry to grow more, that it would be surprising if the Minister of Agriculture and his colleagues were not very active in considering measures to that end."

We have had to wait, however, nearly four months longer for the Minister of Agriculture to bring out finally some of his schemes for the increase of home production. As far as they go, they might well have appeared four months ago, since the financial calculations they involve are not elaborate. Still, they undoubtedly merit very serious consideration. Perhaps the fairest way of dealing with them is to give a concise summary, and then examine each of them in detail, mainly from the point of view of national agriculture, with a few words on their bearing on national defence.

LIMING. The Government are prepared to pay 50% of the farmers' expenditure on lime and 25% of his expenditure on basic slag. This they propose to do for a limited number of years at a cost of £1,000,000 a year.

WHEAT. The amount of wheat eligible for the full deficiency payment is to be raised from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 quarters.

OATS AND BARLEY. A scheme for oats is to be brought in, fixing the standard price at 8/- a cwt., with a deficiency payment calculated not on the whole crop but on 6 cwt. an acre, it being assumed that the balance would be normally consumed on the farm. No payment, however, to be more than £1 an acre, and there will be, as in the case of wheat, a national standard acreage. A similar scheme is to be devised for barley. The amount to be expended on the two is not to exceed £1,750,000. Growers

of oats and barley can claim the subsidy on either or both, *but growers under the Wheat Act are excluded from these benefits.*

DRAINAGE. Exchequer grants are to be extended by an addition of £140,000 a year, so that essential work can be undertaken by local authorities up to a sum of £450,000 a year.

GRASS LAND IMPROVEMENT. It is expected that the present Live Stock Bill before Parliament, including as it does the introduction of orderly marketing, will put the beef industry in a position " to more fully utilize and improve " the grass lands of the country. To increase the amount of animal food at present produced here, the Government will further encourage grass drying experiments.

ERADICATION OF ANIMAL DISEASES. A large-scale and comprehensive campaign is to be undertaken to eradicate animal diseases of all kinds, beginning with cattle. This will involve centralisation of the public veterinary services and will cost the Exchequer about £600,000 a year for the first four years.

Proposals for dealing with the milk and pig industries are to be presented before the end of the summer session.

To take the proposals *seriatim.* The proposal to pay half the farmers' bill for lime and a quarter of that for basic slag, is, as far as it goes, excellent. Periodic doses of lime or clay have always been regarded as an essential by light land farmers, especially in North Norfolk, where the numerous disused clay-pits are very much in evidence. That they are now no longer used is entirely due to the cost of raising and spreading the clay, as forty loads of clay are only equal to a ton of lime. The existing wide deficiency in lime is obvious from the presence of sandgrass and wild sorrel on many farms. It is specially noticeable in the autumn, when anbury makes its often devastating appearance among the turnips, though this is less marked since sugar beet has largely superseded swedes. We may certainly expect a good deal from the basic slag. Mr. Morrison has estimated that if our grass lands are properly treated, we could increase our output 15%—or in other words we could add the equivalent of 3,000,000 acres to agriculture, which would support another million cattle. The whole crux of the matter is, can the farmer afford the outlay? Moreover, there are probably limits to the extent to which it can be used with profit. A good deal of land has simply tumbled down to grass and has not been laid down at all. Such land may be in such a poor state, that it is uncertain if it will pay for the cost of treatment,

especially if the Live Stock Bill fails to tempt the farmers to launch out once more into extensive bullock raising.

And this brings us to a further point, as regards arable land. Lime alone is not the only element in the fertility of light land. Humus is also an essential. As the old rhyme puts it :—

> Lime and lime without manure
> Makes the farm and the farmer poor.

But sufficient humus can only be forthcoming if the farmer can afford to give his land the necessary dressing of farmyard manure ; and this in turn hinges on the winter fattening of bullocks becoming again remunerative. All depends therefore on whether the optimism with which Mr. Morrison regards his Live Stock Bill as a panacea for the most important branch of farming is justified by its results.

Unfortunately many farmers literally cannot afford the necessary money for liming. Only the other day I heard of a farmer coming from a farming family in the Cotswolds, who started with 1,000 acres and who now, after forty-seven years' hard work, has only got 650. He is so hard up he can only send his children to the village school, with little chance of their being able to continue their education afterwards. His case, extreme as it is, is true of not a few farmers. Last autumn Lord Hastings, a large landowner, described farmers, in a public speech at Lynn, as " semi-bankrupt " and more recently, Sir Francis Acland, another large landowner in Devonshire, spoke of the extreme indebtedness of the farmers. Between them the banks, the merchants, the dealers and the auctioneers are carrying a very heavy load. One way of meeting the difficulty would be a more generous form of agricultural credit. The present system fails to help those who are most in need of help. On the other hand, one welcomes Mr. Morrison's assurance that the price of lime and basic slag will be kept at a reasonable level.

In the matter of drainage, some writers have, according to Mr. Morrison, described his scheme as " paltry." Certainly there is nothing spectacular about it ; but it would seem that the politician of to-day is unable to think boldly. Only a dictator like Mussolini can drain the Pontine Marshes after two thousand years of malaria, or a Hitler can create seven

hundred farms in a single year out of the swamps and heathlands of Germany. And yet we have still some million and a half of unemployed. But what can be expected of a Government which only thinks of doles and subsidies, and not in terms of utilizing the energies and initiative in the community, at present so sadly running to waste? Still, the grant should be very useful. It will be largely devoted to the improvement of the intermediate drainage between the main arterial drainage and the field drainage to which it is intended ultimately to work back and affects, we are told, at least 2,000,000 acres.

The extension of the full deficiency payment under the Wheat Act to 8,000,000 quarters will cost the Government nothing. Had it only been introduced last September, it would have probably prevented us having one of the worst harvests of recent years. Little spring wheat has been sown owing to the weather, and in many counties the yield looks likely to be poor. Still, it will serve as an insurance, though some farmers, in view of the growing scarcity of labour, which was mentioned by several members in the House, think the guarantee should have been put at fifty shillings a quarter. As it is, the Treasury, apart from the unlikely risk of a slump, will literally save millions. In 1934-35 it came to £5,646,000 and to almost the same amount in 1935-36. This year it will be much less, and next year it may possibly be nil. Again the standard prices of oats and barley will cost the Government nothing on present prices, and if wheat continues to rise, oats and barley are likely to keep up their enhanced value as feeding stuffs. The Government are, in fact, very unlikely to have to find the £1,750,000 or anything approaching it. From the farmers' point of view the case for a levy-subsidy on malting barley still remains imperative. The claims of the pig producers could be fairly and squarely met by making the cost of feeding-stuffs the basis of the standard price for bacon, as was actually the case in the first instance, and the departure from it has been the root cause of the present breakdown of the Pig Marketing Scheme. Incidentally, the enormous rise in the brewers' profits during the last two years would amply justify the levy-subsidy that farmers demand. Perhaps the cost of the assistance thus given to all cereals by the Government may be roughly measured by the premium they

would have to pay to insure against a deficiency at Lloyds. It would probably not exceed a few tens of thousands. The blot on the present cereals proposals is the fact that the wheat grower is debarred from participating in the oats and barley guarantee. This differentiates unfairly between the rich wheat-lands, in which, predominantly if not exclusively, only wheat is grown, and the far more numerous holdings in which mixed farming is the rule, and wheat and barley—and to a lesser extent oats—are grown in substantial if varying proportions. It therefore sins against the rule of using the land to the best advantage. It certainly does not reflect favourably on the acumen of Mr. Morrison's agricultural advisers. In fact one rather fancies that this particular proposal has been put forward in order that its withdrawal may serve as an apparent concession later. In any case it is a discrimination that cannot be justified, and the agricultural members in the House should insist on its removal.

The organisation of a general drive against animal diseases, especially in cattle, is an excellent move. The toll taken by tuberculosis, foot-and-mouth disease, contagious abortion, mastitis, etc., is a very heavy one. Mr. Morrison puts the loss for all kinds of animal diseases at £14,000,000 per annum. The grant of £600,000 will no doubt include among its objects research, not only into the cause, but prevention of disease. This is especially needful in the case of diet. Only recently I was told by the owner of a large herd of cows, who lost seven of the herd, otherwise perfectly healthy, through the lack of a necessary vitamin in their food. The whole question of dealing with foot-and-mouth disease should also be more resolutely tackled, whether by isolation or experiment, in order to find a definite cure. The present crude, if effective, method of indiscriminate slaughter costs the country anything from £2,000,000 to £3,000,000 a year. Surely medicine which has done so much in the way of prevention for human beings, cannot be so helpless when dealing with animals, even if they are more difficult patients to deal with. One has no wish to belittle the present programme, but it would be unwise to raise undue hopes. Lord Cranworth has pointed out that in America no

less than £70,000,000 was expended by a single State, and the result was a failure.

Grass drying is still in its infancy. Last year, as Mr. Morrison stated, there were only 46 machines in operation, but there will be 100 this year. Nature certainly poured cold water last year on the experiment, in the shape of an extraordinary spell of wet weather, but one believes with Mr. Morrison that there is something in it. One of the chief obstacles is the cost of the machines to the impoverished farmer. But if the Government can do something to bring it within the compass of the farmer's depleted purse, farmers will be delighted. Anything that will tend to take the place of the haysel, will be welcomed by all those who in spite of haysweeps and other aids believe that haysel is a more trying season than harvest.

Taken as a whole, then, the Government's proposals may be said to deal with *some* of the *foundations* of farming; but successful farming can only ensue if a sound superstructure is added in the way of implementing the long-deferred promises of the Government for a levy-subsidy in the case of Milk and pigs, already embodied in the Marketing Acts, which, on Mr. Morrison's own admission, does not raise the cost to the consumer. These, he tells us, will be tackled before the end of the present session. Unfortunately the most urgent and the most important of all, if we consider the number of individuals affected and the narrow margin on which most of them live, the introduction of a levy-subsidy on poultry and eggs, is apparently being held up indefinitely. Moreover, the beef question, which is the pivot of the greater part of farming, has not, in the opinion of the majority of the farmers, been put on a paying footing, whether arable or grass-land farmers. The bulk of them, while fully recognizing the undoubted merit of some of Mr. Morrison's proposals, will certainly suspend judgment till they have seen the Government's schemes for dealing with these more urgent problems. Many farmers, and notably the Executive of the Suffolk farmers, have strongly resented the way in which the N.F.U. headquarters, without consulting the county representatives, have rushed in to bless the proposals after making some totally inadequate reservations and thereby obscuring the complexity of the problem. A far more balanced view has been

taken by such papers as the *Evening Standard*, the *Farmer's Weekly*, and others. They recognize that the proposals are only of the nature of an instalment; that increased fertility—even if achieved—is no permanent solution, unless the farmer is enabled to *obtain satisfactory prices for his commodities*; and that the success of many of the proposals depends on farmers having the money to avail themselves of them. A large number, as I have indicated, are in the position of the poor patient to whom his doctor prescribes a stay on the Riviera. They simply, if they can't borrow the money, have not got the wherewithal to carry out the prescription. Some critics have hinted that these proposals have been hastily introduced to allay the rising discontent of the farmers in Suffolk, Hants, Bucks and elsewhere. I prefer to take a less cynical view and await the forthcoming pronouncements on the revised milk and pig marketing schemes, not forgetting other vital matters already mentioned. But something really substantial and constructive will have to be proposed. As the editor of the *Farmer's Weekly* has said, the proposals if they stood alone would be totally inadequate. There is indeed little ground for Mr. Morrison's complacency on the fact that agricultural production has increased 14% in the last seven years (just 2% a year), when one realises that 100,000 labourers have left the land during the same period. Once the Government have arrested the drift from the land, those of us who are as keen on national welfare as national agriculture, will feel they have at last stopped the rot.

When we come to a consideration of Mr. Morrison's proposals in respect to the requirements of the national food front in time of war, they can only be regarded as a very inadequate contribution to the amount necessary to bring the supply of food up to the minimum of safety. One welcomes the slow if certain rise in the standard of fertility from the use of lime and basic slag and improved drainage, the increase in the production of cereals and of dried grass—all of value in lessening to some extent the terrific amount of animal foodstuffs we have to import; it was 9,000,000 tons in 1936. But one cannot ignore the fact that still more important and urgent matters remain to be dealt with, while we have yet to see if the beef industry has really been put on a satisfactory footing. But most disquieting

of all is Mr. Morrison's attempt to draw a red herring across any thorough-going rehabilitation of the industry, by asserting that it would necessarily involve the " regimentation " of the industry with all the paraphernalia of war conditions. This is simply misleading. Mr. Morrison has attempted to involve his hearers in a mere logical dilemma. There are plenty of intermediate measures which could be adopted without unduly " stimulating " the industry. For instance, an ear-marked tariff for beef, milk, bacon and poultry would, without costing the consumer a penny more, lead to a greatly increased productivity and give the farmer that security for long-term planning which at present he does not possess. All this could be done with a minimum of official machinery ; and surely the word " regimentation " comes strangely from the head of a Ministry which during the last four years has done little else than putting the industry into a strait-jacket or marketing schemes. The " awful example" he quoted of the Corn Production Act as an instance of what might occur is equally illusory. Had the Corn Production Act been based on a sliding scale, it would have been quite workable.

Of course the question of the storage of food upon which, in spite of the " umpteen " committees appointed by the Government, nothing practical has been done, is not Mr. Morrison's job. But considering the comparatively modest increase we can look for from his proposals in the immediate future towards augmenting the food supplies of this country, it becomes even more urgent for the Government at once to publish and to put into execution their elaborate schemes for storing an adequate supply of food against a sudden outbreak of war, especially in view of the world shortage in wheat with which, according to the *Investors' Review*, we are threatened. In spite of Mr. Morrison's soothing syrup, which induced one paper to say that war seems to be regarded as past, it appears actually as regards Spain alone as menacing as ever. There is no denying it, Europe is living on the edge of war. And the best proof of all is that the various branches of national defence in this country show no signs of slackening their efforts to make us less vulnerable. Only the storage of food is being left out, and food is the Achilles' heel of national defence.

PEDLARS' CHILDREN.

By Frances Bellerby.

ON Easter Eve, in the unusual warmth of the March sunshine, Maggie and Sally played all day. They bounced their sodden and precious balls against the wall opposite their cottage door; leapt here and there; skipped with an old bit of rope Maggie had found on the beach; tried again and again how many steps they could hop up, and down—for their cottage stood at the side of narrow stone steps, leading up to the road at the foot of the downs. At all these things Maggie, who was eleven—strongly built and boyish—excelled, and Sally, who was eight—round and floppy and puppyish—was really not very good. And, also, Maggie had a yellow wooden top, and a sort of a whip with which she lashed it and sometimes made it spin for a long time; but Sally had no top, and could not have spun one if she had, and she was not allowed to touch Maggie's.

The children had an exciting day; their first completely to themselves. The magistrate had just sent their elder sister Nell away to a Home, because having got into bad company she had formed the habit of hanging about street corners after dark. Always before, when both parents had gone for a long day's tramp, selling note-paper, bootlaces, buttons, studs and the like, Nell had been vaguely left in charge of the home and the two younger ones, and had beaten mats, and stood at the door smiling weakly at any passer-by, hugging her thin arms across her narrow chest, and shivering. Nell was fifteen-and-a-half. Now she had gone, and Maggie and Sally did not mind. In fact, Maggie was glad in her heart, because she was left in undisputed elder-sistership, which made life easier.

She wore a tattered blue jersey, meant for a boy some years older than herself, and a clumsy purplish cloth skirt, long and

bulky. As she jumped and bounded, the fringe of her straight, thick black hair flapped on her forehead and her pewter-grey eyes gleamed. It seemed as though she must put every available scrap of energy into every movement, for the satisfaction of some deeply compelling inner urge.

Sally had on a dirty brown knitted frock which was torn at the neck so that greyish wads of undergarment showed, and also her grubby little shoulder. Her skin was very white, her hair colourlessly fair, her cheeks rosy and her big shy eyes deeply blue. When her mother begged "bread for my li'l children," people were wont to glance at Sally's rosy cheeks and plump face, and refuse. Her small soft body was unusually frail for her age, or she had never had what is generally considered a good meal. Yet no one could be expected to know that, what with the bulgy clothes and the bright cheeks.

The golden day drew quickly to a close, and soon dusk had fallen, and then the still evening, clear and polished as stone, was bitingly cold. At the top of the steps the light of a street lamp shone opaquely against the green sky; and so unearthly, far-away, and pure did the scene appear, that it might have been imagined that the steps, garbage-strewn by daylight but now darkly clean, led up to heaven.

The children had expected their parents back before this. They had no matches, and their always-dim cottage was now dark as winter midnight. Without warmth or light, and with their bread-and-jam meal many hours past, they felt the excitement of the day slipping by. Sally sat on the couch just inside the door whimpering and kicked at the mongrel bitch who was tied to the leg of the couch. But Maggie still leapt about, in and out, to and from the cold sweet dusk, on this errand and that.

"I'se co-oal-der . . ." whined Sally accusingly.

"Well we an't got no matches so we can't light no fire, stands to reason." Maggie dashed out of the door again, slamming it violently. Immediately outside she stopped dead, looked up and down the steps. A shadowy movement caught her eye. "Hi! Penny! Penny!" But the shadow vanished and she knew their noble and independent tom-cat far too well to attempt pursuit, though she had thought longingly of holding

his long loose body warmly against her chest, and listening to his happy purring.

"They'nt be long now," she said softly to herself. And suddenly she sprang down the dim steps to the turn to see if they were coming, then on down again right to the road. This end of the town, unfashionable and haphazard, was not well-lit. She peered eagerly, but saw no one at all in the wide dim street, and could hear no footsteps. The beach was dark, the sea invisible. She ran up the steps again.

Sally was leaning against the side of the open door. "An't our Mam comin' ? " she whined.

"No. Come along in and shut the door if you'm so cold."

So they sat on the couch in blackness, thick with sour smells. Maggie groped about for the bitch and hauled her up on the couch. The animal snarled, and Sally said sternly, "Our Dad said as how it were bad to make Lassie growl." Maggie thumped the bitch to make her lie down. "'s me own dorg, an' I kin do as I likes," she said. "Our Dad says as he'll get *me* a puppy," retorted Sally. "Oh shut yer jaw. . . . . Me 'ands is frozy stones, frozy stones. Feel." And suddenly she reached over in the dark and thrust one hand into her sister's face.

Immediately there was outcry. "Ee, ee, ee, yer've put yer 'and in me eye, ee, ee, ee, I 'ates yer Maggie, I 'ates yer . . ." Sally screamed and yelled, kicking and hitting out. The bitch with a wild yelp hurled herself off the couch. Maggie leapt to her feet, reached the door in a bound, opened it and vanished, slamming it behind her. Outside, again she stood perfectly still, looking down, and then up overhead. There was now no green in the sky, which had become darkly blue. A star, surprisingly large and brilliant, hung, it seemed to her, directly above her head. Hemmed in as she was, by her own and three other cottages on one side of the steps, and a high wall on the other, it amazed her that a star could have found her out.

"They an't never comin' " said Maggie aloud. Her voice in the cold stillness startled her. Flinging open the door she shouted at her sister, "They an't never comin'." Sally was quiet now. She was engaged in holding her breath to test how

long it took to begin to be dead like Gran, so that she might then call in Maggie and show off the accomplishment.

"Why?" came her thin squeezed voice. Curiosity forced her to speak, but she wouldn't abandon her plan yet.

"Acos they'm lorst in the wilder-mess," called Maggie.

Then Sally came to the door and both children stood there shivering.

"Look at that theer great star," commanded the elder. "He's right atop of me 'ead. If he dropped down now he'd drop into me mouf. An' they do drop down too. I seen em."

She tilted her head back and opened her mouth widely. Her black hair hung straight, her face appeared white as a dead face, with darkly open mouth and shadowed eyes. Sally, more than a little afraid that the star would really drop into her sister's mouth, giving her indisputable superiority for ever, watched jealously.

Footsteps approached, and a figure came round the bend of the steps below. It was not their mother. It was a woman they knew by sight, who had lately come to live in a cottage at the edge of the downs and therefore frequently went up and down their steps. They were on smiling terms, and she said a startled "Hullo" now, as she came abreast their doorway and was suddenly aware of them standing there in the dark.

"Hullo," they replied, and Sally's head and shoulder inclined towards each other, as always when she was noticed by a stranger. The woman hesitated, stopped, asked, "All in the dark?"

"We an't got no matches," said Maggie shyly.

"No matches? Are you two all alone?"

"Yes. Our Mum and Dad's been gone all day, gone sellin', an' they'nt back yet neither."

"Late, aren't they? Aren't you cold, standing out here? Oh I suppose you've no fire either. Anything to eat? No? My goodness. Well, look, here are some matches, and here's a penny for the meter in case, and I'll be back in about ten minutes with something to eat—don't think I've got much, but something'll help, anyway. You can manage the fire?"

"Oh yes. Thank you." Pleased and excited, both children

hurried indoors, to light the gas and scrape together remnants of coal-dust and beach gatherings for a fire.

The parents at last returned, cold and worn-out. Though surprised to find the gas lit and some kind of warmth, they were too occupied with need for food and rest to pay much heed to this.

The tiny room in which they were all gathered was so narrow that a grown person could have stood in the middle and laid one hand on the mantel-shelf and the other on a large picture that took up much of the opposite wall. This picture was the enlargement of a photograph, apparently of Maggie : there were the gleaming shy eyes, the straight black fringe, the shy boyish wide grin. But it was not Maggie, it was Jess, taken when she was Maggie's age. And round the photograph, on the glass, a black line had been painted unevenly, because Jess had died of consumption two years ago, when she was nineteen.

Whilst the mother undid packages the father carefully put away the stock, on shelves in the scullery. She was thick and old-looking, weather-beaten, with a hard face and cunning, fighting, grey eyes. He was very tall, gaunt and emaciated—a reed of a man. His huge rough hands trembled always. His eyes were bloodshot. His voice was weak and husky. He looked broken, gentle and rather child-like. His most treasured possession was a photograph of himself as he had been at the beginning of the war, when first in uniform : a fine young man, he thought, every time he drew it carefully out of his battered pocket book where his army papers were.

The woman said, " There's wot we've brought back, and now Maggie, you take this and go get twopennorth of sprats, and see if Alf Smith'll let yer 'ave a sack o'rubble an' we pay nex' week, an' git some fat from Anson's—oh they'll be open all right just afore the 'oliday, or yer kin knock on the door can't yer."

Maggie took the coins and ran out. Sally sat on the box against the wall by the fire. She was white with fatigue, beneath the smuts and smears of the day. Suddenly remembering that she was excited, she piped mechanically, " Lady gived us chocerlet an' cake, lady gived us chocerlet an' cake."

"Gived yer chocerlet an' cake? Wot lidy?" asked the man from the scullery doorway.

"Lady wot gived us matches, her wot goes up the steps!" cried Sally triumphantly.

The woman stopped what she was doing. "Her from the white cottage? Ye're sure, now? Tall thin un? Ah! . . . 'ere, Dad, yer wet the leaves when Maggie comes back, an' see to this 'ere. I'll not be long gone." And pulling an old shawl round her shoulders, out she went.

In answer to a firm knock on the door of the white cottage at the downs' edge, the door was opened.

"Good evenin' Lady. I 'opes as I may see yer about something for a moment? I'm that 'ard pressed, Lady, me an' my man don't know where to turn an' that's truth, I wouldn't ask only for some money to buy bread for the li'l children Lady, an' cruel 'ard on us this 'oliday be as the pleece stops us a-sellin' on the 'olidays Lady, as they know well 'tis our daily bread . ." All was uttered in a low confidential tone.

The woman of the cottage looked at the cunning eyes in the battered defiant face; the eyes that, though they met her own, did not appear to see her as a human being at all.

"I wouldn't ask only for me li'l children, just something to buy them bread over the 'oliday, Lady . . . I 'ad a bit o' bad luck today, lorst me purse Lady, I bin to the pleece but course they doesn't 'old out no 'opes, six-an'-three in it, all we took today an' walkin' till we fair dropped, that bad I was took Lady, right on the steps o' one of me regular customers . . . . An't 'ad a drop o' milk to our tea neither an' I thought me 'eart 'ud break seein' them li'l children tryin' to drink it down, "It aint very nice Mum,' they says, 'It aint very nice,' as would bring tears to yer eyes Lady, an' me pore husband that ill since the war, shrapnel in his back they says, an' cough something terrible as not a wink o'sleep kin I get night after night, an' yer can't go without yer sleep, kin yer Lady? . . ."

They were sitting round the fire when the mother got back. The children on the floor. There were two chairs in the room, but no table, because it had been used for firewood; the box

that Sally had been on was what they were accustomed to use for their meals. The room's ordinary smell was by now almost drowned by the sprats. The bitch, still tied to the couch, was devouring ravenously something on a plate that had been put for her.

Directly the woman entered she held out her hand and opened it, without a word, There lay a ten-shilling note.

" Praise the Lord ! " said the man. " 'ere's yer cup—praise the Lord ! Thank the dear Lord, children, go on now, bless 'is 'oly name as yer knows 'ow ter so nice." Sally, her face shining with dripping fat, smiled up at him from her place by his chair, and took another bite. He laid his huge trembling hand gently on her head. Maggie jumped up eagerly, bounced down on the couch against the other wall, and pulled the bitch to her. " Oh Mum, can't I get Lassie a collar ? I seen loverly red uns in Woolworths an' you can get the name done an' all ! "

" Look real smart in a collar, a red collar, so she would ! " said the man interestedly, turning right round to look with affectionate pride at the whippety furtive creature.

" Red collar ! " snorted the woman, tugging at her bread with her gums, and not bothering to turn her head for such nonsense.

Silence fell, except for the noises of eating and drinking. Sally, lolling with sleep against the man's leg, murmured vaguely, " . . . . going-get-Sally-puppy-to-'er-own . . ." He stroked her hair, coughed, put his other hand over his blood-shot eyes.

Maggie leant wearily back against the wall with the bitch clasped to her chest. Immediately above her hung the artless black-rimmed enlargement that might have been her photograph.

And it was evident that the mother must have been very like the children when she was their age.

HUNGARIAN QUANDARY.

By Diplomaticus.

IN the great crisis of international relations developing in the Danube basin. of which the cause is German expansionist aims in South-East Europe, and of which the latest symptoms are Baron von Neurath's visit to Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Hungary, and his rather mixed reception in Belgrade at least, Hungary must play a part second to none. The superficial observer, classing Hungary roughly as a "have not" would naturally conclude that her behaviour in the eventual crisis is a foregone conclusion; that, to mix a couple of metaphors, she must and will play a dutiful second fiddle to that of the arch- "have-not," Germany.

Until quite recently there might have been considerable ground for that conclusion. But Hungary at present is undergoing a slow and profound crisis of policy both external and internal. The major Danubian crisis forces on her the one, as we shall see presently, and the shufflings of her own party politics bring on her the other. The outcome of her double perplexity is not yet at all clear; but Hungary's behaviour internationally is being subjected to internal influences so strong that the country cannot be regarded, as she has so long been regarded, as a simple, stubborn, reactionary opportunist, who, in the cause of Revision of the treaty of Trianon, is prepared to take advantage of any influence, be it Germany's or anyone else's, which would seem to favour the restoration to her of the merest village beyond her frontiers inhabited by people of the Magyar race.

The accident of General Goemboes' death ten months ago removed two major dangers from Hungarian politics. The one was the danger of that vigorous, proud, self-made man making himself dictator—a danger which Hungary had feared from the moment that he assumed the Premiership: the other

was that of a definite commitment of Hungary in alliance, secret or semi-secret, with Germany, and so a precipitation of active German expansion in Middle Europe. General Goemboes' liking for Germany, particularly Nazi Germany, had been manifest in his spectacular first diplomatic visit to Herr Hitler : he himself was of " Schwabian " origin, and he had confirmed the impression that he favoured a close association of Hungary with Germany when he recalled to be Foreign Minister a diplomat who passed for a pronounced Germanophile; who, incidentally, was trained in the service of the Double Monarchy in the hectic and cynical times of the Prohaska Consul episode. (That official, by the way, is still in the same position under the present Prime Minister). Thanks to some very quick work by the Bethlen interests, and thanks also to the circumstance of General Goemboes not having provided himself with a successor, it was possible to get a moderate Conservative appointed Prime Minister when the news of General Goemboes' death finally came.

The new Prime Minister, M. Darányi, found himself faced first of all with the task of ridding the country, the party of National Unity, and the bureaucracy of the effects of General Goemboes' ideas on " reorganisation." He has been working slowly at that ever since, with considerable success. " Reorganisation," had meant nothing less than the organisation of a Party on the " gangster " model of Nazi Germany : the Party executive was given extraordinary powers, the country's Administration was put gradually into the hands of the Party, and pressure of all sorts began to be exerted on society to obtain its submission, rather than its adhesion, to the Party. Even the casual visitor to Budapest began to have some inkling of what was afoot, for there came into being the exaggeratedly political coffee-house where factions met, and where the intrusion of political strangers meant risk of a brawl. The process of dissolving this embryonic racket has been slow (for M. Darányi is a prudent man), and it has had consequences of which the evidence has occasionally been rather startling, e.g., the news of a Hungarian Nazi *putsch* in the spring. For the Party of National Unity, " reorganised " by General Goemboes, had to be virtually turned upside down. The Goemboes elements, who

had been in the ascendant, did not find it convenient to leave the party, but naturally gravitated to the extreme Right of it, where they have been keeping up a perpetual nuisance to the Government ever since. Still further to the Right, but outside the Party, there had already been two neo-Nazi parties, the better known of which is that of the Arrow Cross (a swastika with arrow-head tips being its badge). They were suspected of receiving certain support from Germany, but had not succeeded in creating much trouble so long as General Goemboes (who did not like the idea of being out-Heroded) was in power. With the dissolution of the Goemboes organisation these elements received sudden concrete or moral reinforcement : their activities increased, and hence the *putsch* about which so much mystery has been made. The elements of the *putsch*, which hardly even got started, are not difficult to imagine.

The activities of both the Right Wing of the Party and of the acknowledged Nazi-Fascist groups roused the Opposition parties, the little Liberal group and, especially, the much larger group of the Small Farmers, to furious denunciation. M. Tibor Eckhardt, the leader of the latter party, produced some detailed evidence of the burrowings of the Nazi party, of its connections with foreign organisations, and of the influence which it already wielded in the country, and even went so far as to say that he would organise, if necessary, to counter eventual force with force. The Government replied with assurances of its awareness. But the Eckhardt Party's denunciations, it is important to note, were already going beyond the exposure of the existence of an anti-Constitutional party, both they and Government circles were uneasy at German activities throughout the land. M. Eckhardt himself declared that there were thirty-nine newspapers in the country which had been bought up for propagandist purposes and were now active. Minority papers particularly in districts bordering on the Burgenland, were indeed publishing attacks on the Hungarian Government, and there had been for a very long time plenty of evidence of the " Bohle organisation " having all German minority " cultural " matters well in hand. (It is interesting to note that after the climax of M. Eckhardt's denunciation a German newspaper published a report of a rumour then current in the unsubstantial

scandal of Budapest that much of the initiative for the denunciation should be traced to the British Minister in Budapest, Sir Geoffrey Knox : Sir Geoffrey may be judged to have incurred German displeasure in his administration of the trust of High Commissioner for the League of Nations in the Saar at the moment of the plebiscite).

The result of the activities of the Right Wing of the Party of National Unity, of the Arrow Cross organisation, and of the German minority propaganda organisations was to bring about a singular closing of the ranks of the established political parties in the country. This was indeed well shown in their almost unanimous attitude, quite early in the year, to the question of the reform of the Election Law. The dying General Goemboes had had the idea of suggesting an inter-party conference on the subject last October. From the beginning of his ministry he had been consistently harried by the Opposition to fulfil his election promise to bring about a reform of conditions : he had done nothing—though he had won a couple of by-elections under the old regime, with plenty of evidence, produced by the Small Farmers, of corruption and police intervention. The inter-party Conference was actually convoked in spite of the death of its proposer, and it called forth such a general condemnation of the existing state of affairs that it seemed justifiable to entertain some hope for some reform, however cautious. The existing state of affairs dates from the beginning of Count Bethlen's Ministry in 1922 ; under it, only about one-fifth of the constituencies of the country enjoy the secret ballot : those which do so are the town constituencies. There is, moreover, a refinement of the open ballot—the system of " recommendation," whereby any candidate, before he is allowed to stand must show the support, in writing, of a thousand voters in the constituency ; a system which lays the rural voters open to any sort of pressure if they have the temerity so to declare themselves for an Opposition candidate. From Right to Left of the assembly of party representatives there came condemnation of this part, in particular, of the existing system. Even Count Bethlen himself, than whom there can be few more keen in sensing which way the wind is blowing, found it necessary to condemn the system which he had instituted. A wave of democratic feeling seemed

to have swept over the Conference, to judge by the tenour of the speeches there. The ground was in some measure prepared moreover, by the publication in a far from Radical review of a very forceful article by the outstanding Hungarian historian, Professor Szekfu, who lashed with scorn the Hungarian middle class's torpid complacency and their blind fear of according political rights to the " poor people " (the Hungarian has not a current phrase for " lower classes " or " working classes " ; the really current term is *szegeny nep*, the " poor people ") lest some of the power which is now in middle-class hands should pass into those of another class.

This fervour of the party leaders for the introduction of a truly democratic system was tempered, however, by their subsequent recommendations. Every party except the Liberal and the Social Democratic declared for caution in the drafting of the necessary measures, and recommended safeguards (what M. Eckhardt called the " necessary Constitutional brakes") to counteract and control the effects of granting political rights in full to a neglected and impoverished section of the population who might be only too easily ensnared by the propaganda of one extreme political creed or the other. Consequently, so far nothing has been done except the drafting of a measure to abolish the " recommendation " system and to substitute for it a system of candidates' deposits such as we have in Great Britain. Now and again the Opposition has a scare when it hears rumours of the lines along which the drafters of the necessary measures are supposed to be working—exaggerated qualifications of the voter, and so forth—but progress is sure to be of the slowest towards this much-desired and much-feared reform.

Particulars of one measure designed to provide a " safeguard " have just been published in the draft Bill providing for an extension of the Regent's powers and for transforming in effect the Regency from a provisional into a permanent institution. The Bill provides for the abolition of the legal responsibility of the Regent to Parliament, and, what is particularly germane to the present point, for the substitution of a qualified veto on legislation for the present simple suspensive veto. Its other provisions are concerned with the nomination of candidates for the Regency,

and with the exercise of power during an interregnum by the Council of State.

Soon after the assumption of the Premiership by M. Darányi the relations of the parties were such that it was found possible to arrange something in the nature of a political truce, which has been based on the Government's obvious need for freedom from attack on one flank while dealing with trouble on the other. As evidence at once of the effectiveness of the Opposition agitation, and of the spirit of co-operation abroad between the parties, there was early this year the forced resignation of M. Kozma, Minister of the Interior and a former adherent of General Goemboes. He was publicly accused of something approaching corruption by M. Eckhardt : the " incompatibility " law was invoked, by which, just as in the British Parliament, no Minister may hold the directorship of a company. The case was given full trial, and M. Kozma resigned. M. Darányi, in the interest of the necessity to control his semi-Fascist Right Wing, clearly finds it necessary to make as many concessions to the Eckhardt party as is possible. It has even been suggested that an invitation to co-operate in the Government on good terms would not come amiss to M. Eckhardt. But there is little likelihood of that coming to pass, unless M. Darányi were very hard pressed indeed.

It is with this situation at home that Hungary faces the problem of German expansion in Middle Europe ; an internal situation in which resentment against German minority agitation and against Fascist machinations play a large part.

When first the problem arose, and Hungary had clearly to imagine the *Anschluss*, the undoubted reaction of a large part of Hungarian opinion, expressed in speech and in the Press, was : " What will become of Hungary when Germany is at Hegyeshalom ? " (Hegyeshalom is the frontier station on the line from Vienna to Budapest.) That was before Germany had made so plain her intentions as she has done in the last twelve months. Hungarians have now to imagine Germany not only in Austria, but also in a large part of Czechoslovakia. Hungary herself has very considerable German minorities, descendants of colonists who were imported to fill up an empty land after the retirement of the Turks, or descendants of other colonists who

were imported far earlier still. German declarations about the reincorporation in the body of the Reich *Auslandsdeutsch* communities have been very frequent in the past year, and have certainly seemed to indicate an intention to expand in the fullest spirit of *Mitteleuropa*. Hungarian opinion is, therefore, divided between apprehension of what a German hegemony in Central Europe would entail for a politically and financially feeble country like Hungary, and the desire to profit from the discomfiture of one of the Succession States which holds a large area of country inhabited by Magyar minorities.

German diplomatic effort, however, concentrates at present on the relations of Hungary with Yugoslavia. The effort would seem to be tending to persuade Hungary to renounce her revisionist claims on that country in particular. Signor Mussolini's famous speech last year at Milan, in which he seemed to endorse fully the justice of all Hungarian revisionist claims, and which was received in Hungary with an outburst of almost delirious joy, was countered almost immediately in the German Press by an inspired article under the signature of Herr Rosenberg. Only one Hungarian newspaper had the courage to take notice of that article, and to attempt to draw the moral. The German intention to drive a wedge between the countries of the Little Entente with the help of Hungary and of the " Bolshevik " scare, which has a peculiar potency in Yugoslavia, is now plain, and the necessity for Germany to limit in one direction at least Hungary's claims is also plain. And Hungary herself, to put it brutally, has before her the alternatives of envisaging, in the cause of frontier Revision, a complete German hegemony in Central Europe in the long run, or of finding some basis on which an approach can be made to achieving real co-operation, political as well as economic, in the Danubian basin, in the common interest.

The barriers to such an approach are formidable : barriers of bitterness and resentment and old hostility. It would seem an almost impossible task for the Government of any of Hungary's neighbour States to advocate to their own publics a *rapprochement* based on anything in the nature of mutual concessions : it would seem an almost equally impossible task for a Hungarian Government to run counter to seventeen years of national

education revolving round the slogan "Nem, nem, soha." Recent developments in one of her neighbour States, moreover, have not tended to reconcile the Hungarian public to the idea of large portions of their kinsfolk being consigned to the position of national minorities in perpetuity; the rise of the Iron Guard in Rumania and of the extreme Nationalist spirit which characterises it, has meant worse conditions for the Hungarian minorities in Transylvania; for, though one has heard of the Iron Guard in connection almost exclusively with its activities in the Old Kingdom, its members are to be found in subordinate official positions, for instance, (and there are few worse petty tyrants than the underpaid subordinate officials of Rumania) all over the land. According to recent reports, moreover, its membership does not seem to be on the decrease, but rather the contrary. The presence of the Iron Guard is an addition to the permanent barriers which combine to make it seem hopeless to envisage a proper Danubian co-operation in the true interests of all the States concerned. With time, if time is available, a modification of their attitudes is certainly conceivable. And already some indication of the wish for such a change is to be read perhaps in the statement of policy of M. Darányi when he took office, which omitted to make the usual formal subscription to peaceful revision by all possible means.

STARVING THE EMOTIONS.

By Harry Roberts.

IT is now a commonplace of psychology that our springs of action, the motive forces behind all our acts, consist in native impulses independent of our reasoning mind and our conscious will. The explanations we give to ourselves and to others as to why we acted in this or that way are hardly ever the true ones. They are invented afterwards so as to bring the act into accord with our picture of ourselves and of our "motives." Moreover, although the realization in action of a native impulse is nearly always pleasurable, it is rarely a fore-consciousness of that pleasure which constitutes our motive. "The impulses," writes a contemporary psychologist, "are not based upon the reasons, but the reasons on the impulses. A man may think he loves a woman because she is beautiful, but in reality she is beautiful to him because he loves her. He says and even believes that he resents another's claim because it is wrong. In reality, he finds it wrong because he resents it. He does this or abstains from that in conscious obedience to the will of God. In reality, the effective will of God is the expression of impulses within himself, as modified by social traditions reposing in the last resort in cognate impulses in the minds of other men."

Fundamentally true, however, as all this is, the problems of human psychology are not quite so simple as they may consequently appear to be. It is as easy and as common to under-estimate the significance and potency of the conscious intelligence and of the speculative faculty as it is to over-estimate them. The innate impulses we are considering are not those simple unconscious physiological mechanisms which are signified by the term "reflex action." Among other things they are characterized by possessing an emotional accompaniment, seemingly devised by Nature to encourage or promote

biologically desirable reaction to circumstance. This presumption is supported by the fact that all the simpler emotions such as fear, anger, primitive sex love, and so on, coincide with striking physiological adaptations needed for the attainment of self or species preservation.

It is important, however, to note that these complex impulses are no mere appetitive urges. They are not on the same plane as thirst and hunger and warmth-seeking ; they are in general provoked by external circumstances—human or material. Moreover, so long at all events as we remain simple men and women, it is not of the end or purpose of this " natural " impulse that we are conscious, but of the seemingly irrelevant emotion or feeling-state that accompanies it. The emotion is Nature's bait ; and it is often part of the business of human wisdom to devise plans for securing Nature's bait without getting caught on Nature's hook. It is by the exercise of such wisdom that art and poetry and religion and contraceptives came into existence.

To man as a conscious being, once his cruder physical needs are satisfied, emotional life is practically identical with life itself. Even when he is engaged in abstract thought, it is the emotional accompaniment of that thought which alone has value or ultimate meaning to the thinker. This being so, it is strange that, in their schemes for the development and promotion of human well-being, politicians and educationalists take such small account of emotional health and of the training and exercise of the emotions. Home politics are commonly discussed in terms of material things, regardless of the important truth that materials have value only in so far as they contribute to the living of desired, and humanly desirable, life. It is time that security in the possession of the material elementals constitutes the first condition of human liberty ; and that is why so many of the most zealous Christians and the most zealous individualists have been driven to adopt the economic creed of socialism. Unfortunately, regard for the individual and a consciousness of the ultimate sacredness of human individuality have not been the inspiration of the majority of the platform heroes of socialism, or of those who have been attracted to its banner. Liberty, equality, fraternity ; each of these terms receives a very narrow

interpretation in the one large State that professes to be built on socialist lines. It may be, as has been suggested, that on the more evenly distributed material well-being of the Russian people the enthronement of liberty, fraternity and equality may one day be possible. Moreover, the would-be reformers of Russia may justly argue that they had to start from a sociological point very many hundreds of years further back than that at which we in the west of Europe find ourselves. probably, therefore, we shall be both wise and just if we confine our criticism to our own country, and to those called upon to deal with circumstances with which we are at first hand familiar. It is true, of course, that we have nothing in Great Britain comparable with the Ogpu ; no trials comparable with those of the alleged Trotskyites ; wholesale political massacres of the members of minority parties seem to us impossibly barbarous. But are we sure that we are not tolerant of conditions involving an almost equivalent stultifying of the lives of millions of our fellow-countrymen ?

The innate tendencies of man, with their emotional accompaniments, have been developed at various periods in the history of our species. The depth of the ruts made in our mind varies according to the antiquity of their origin ; but the conditions of human life at the times when most of these " instinct " trails were blazed were very different from those obtaining in the world we know today. The strongest tendencies in man's unconscious mind are far older than civilisation ; and they are no longer appropriate to circumstance. The urge behind them needs to be diverted, " sublimated," if the individual is to be a tolerated member of modern society and, at the same time, to retain his personal vitality. Fortunately, even the most primitive of what we may call emotionally guided activities are capable of socially desirable sublimation without losing their strength or value. Indeed, the vigour of such sublimated or diverted activities will depend largely on the vigour of the stock on which they have been grafted :

" As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
The rarest virtues thus on passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear ;
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
Ev'n avarice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame."

Thus to modify ancient inborn patterns is the task of education ; and it should be the prime business of political schemers and would-be social reformers so to organise those externals which are organizable as to provide the maximum scope for the exercise of wisely educated natural tendencies and for the emotional satisfaction, or " happiness," that attends such exercise. Rare, indeed, is the psychic inheritance that might not, by wise training, take forms contributory both to the happiness of the individual and to the well-being of the society amidst which his life is spent.

It is, indeed, curious that so few political schemers have given serious consideration to the nature of the men, women and children the conditions of whose lives they attempt or undertake to organise. There is a lot of planning with a view to satisfying man's physical needs and to affording him sensory gratification ; but there is very little of it relative to those far more profound parts of him that make up his emotional life, and the motives behind the greater part of his activities. The innate impulses of all normal human beings—impulses that in health sooner or later manifest themselves in nearly everyone—can be grouped under three headings : those concerned with self-preservation and self-assertion (pride, constructiveness, sense of power, etc.) ; those concerned with the welfare of the " herd " or community of which we feel ourselves members (affection, camaraderie, and sociality generally) ; and those concerned with the perpetuation of our kind. The last-named group readily subdivides into two groups of impulses, those associated with what we may call the coitive urge, and those concerned with the care and protection of the child resulting from the coitive act—that is, sex-love

and tenderness. It is characteristic of human sex-love, in the forms that most appeal to our idealizing faculty, that the coitive urge is, as it were, toned or infused with streaks of that tenderness which, from a biological viewpoint, seems specially relevant to a later stage of this reproductive sequence. There is a shallow kind of " realism " (based mainly on Freudian misunderstanding) which would have us believe that all that matters in sex-love is the satisfaction of conscious copulative desire, or of sub-conscious copulative urge. It is probable that half of the finest fruits, of human civilisation have their roots in truths the very reverse of this contention.

For good or ill, the immediate, urgent problems of life with which our inherent impulses and instincts were originally developed to deal, have today become for nearly all of us much easier of solution. Other problems have presented themselves—problems which, according to our notions, are subtler, loftier, and relevant to peculiarly human aspirations. The need, therefore, arises of diverting to these new ends a considerable part of the psychic energy attached to our primal impulses and of the emotions connected with them. Fortunately, however, man's psychological heritage is in detail far less specialized than is that of most other animals. He is born immature ; and herein lies both his weakness and his strength. It is to that he owes his exceptional adaptability to novel circumstance. He is, indeed, as different from, as he is superior to, those proverbial exemplars set up before him by unadventurous moralists, the ant and the bee. Although the human infant is born comparatively unequipped with immediately useful instinctive urges, or with physical powers adequate to earthly existence, its mind is by no means the clean slate that has by some philosophers been postulated. Left to fend for itself from birth, every human infant would die within a few hours. Yet its life is saved, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, not by the exercise of reason, but by the operation in the child's parents of inherited instincts which manifest themselves in recognisable form only many years after birth. What we may call the normal child inevitably finds itself at various stages of its growing period impelled by urges that, both historically and in immediate experience, are sufficiently specialized to justify the title of

instincts ; and associated with these impulses or instincts are certain emotions or states of feeling which, again, have specialised qualities. All of us have experienced these emotions again and again—anger, love, pride, humiliation, friendship, fear, and so on. These innate urges, the direction of which is, in our conventionalised and humanized environment, ill-defined, may be " dealt with " in any one of three ways. They may be what the psychologists call " repressed," or they may be fulfilled along primordial or " natural " lines—often with disastrous social or individual results—or they may be sublimated. " Suppression " is impossible.

There is a very suggestive passage in Boris Sokoloff's " The Achievement of Happiness." where he calls attention to the common excessive belief in the ruling capacity of the human intellect in relation to the deeper urges and inclinations of man. He argues that emotion and vitality should be, as they are in healthy youth, in control of human activity, a man's intellect serving as " but a technical assistant," and that, as we get older and lose our vitality, our intellect tends to become more and more independent, more and more dominating.

The function of intellect is to guide, to sublimate, not to replace, inner promptings and vital aspirations. To what extent is this sublimation possible ? Half the inmates of our asylums and two-thirds of our neighbours still at liberty illustrate how easy it is to fail in achieving this sublimation. Of course, even without deliberate education, few of us reach maturity with any one of our native impulses still existent in its crude and elemental form. Almost inevitably, each is the active centre of a whole mass of associative symbols which, in their various combinations, make up what the psychologists call complexes. And here it may not be amiss to say that a complex is not a disease—is no more a disease than is " blood-pressure." Every man's mind is furnished with complexes—mostly wholesome and health-giving, some unwholesome and health-destroying.

It is important to distinguish between sublimation and what the psychologists call repression—which is largely a sub-conconscious process and always includes a big element of disguise and self-deceit. Deliberate and conscious restraint or sublimation of an instinctive impulse scarcely ever leads to psychic or

physical disorder ; but repression is responsible for a very large proportion of those minor insanities which we call neuroses, hysteria, neurasthenia and so on, as well as for not a few graver psychiatric disharmonies. It is essential to bear this distinction in mind, for there is a popular idea that all forms of self-restraint and deliberate control or diversion of instinctive urges are hygienically undesirable. Some measure of restraint is always necessary as a first contribution towards the sublimation of a primal impulse. There would seem to be in all sublimation processes intellectual and conscious imaginative factors which consist, to use McDougall's words, " in the better evaluation of desired goals." In his book, " The Energies of Man," this writer gives an excellent account of the direct fashion in which most innate impulses become to some extent sublimated.

The " self-assertion " impulse—perhaps today more often starved even than the love impulse itself—can be satisfied by mastery over material (as in gardening or scientific research, or technical achievement of any kind where man is not the mere slave of a machine) as easily as by tyrannism over men, or women, or children or other even more easily bullied animals.

But the possibilities of sublimation are limited. It is not possible, if pathological risks are to be avoided, entirely to dissociate the primal urges from the physiological functionings to which, in evolutionary history, they appertain ; and, at the end, when education has done its best in the light of all available knowledge to accommodate man's nature to contemporary circumstance, he will still be liable to be confronted with insurmountable and painful fact. Some of this pain and this difficulty seems to be unavoidable ; but we multiply it manifold by our laws and our conventions. Even in this relatively humane age, the artificial starving of the quite natural and desirable impulses of sex and of self-respect and decent pride is almost infinite in volume. I have not here space to cross the 't's' and dot the 'i's' ; but the revolution, social, political and psychological which is to give us any approach to the happiness and life-reality that is now possible will have to be a very much more radical affair than anything that has occurred in eighteenth century France or twentieth-century Russia.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

CHANGES in Britain's new Government have been perplexing rather than notable. Mr. MacDonald's disappearance from the ministry was foreseen; and more than thirty years of strain, in which every quality that a man can need in the racking business of politics was tried to the uttermost, have left him in need of complete respite. His refusal to go to the Lords is one more proof that the Upper House is not on a satisfactory basis—though Lord Snowden, with characteristic disregard of what men would say, did all that a man could to alter its traditional aspect by going there. No man ever had more courage than that Yorkshireman. He was only once a popular figure, when at an international Conference he said "No" with great emphasis to proposals which he thought unfair to England. Yorkshiremen have a special talent for saying "No;" and perhaps Snowden exaggerated his delight in it. But when Great Britain needed a National Government, it owed thanks for it to Philip Snowden no less than to Ramsay MacDonald. When I last met the man, at some non-political dinner, I thought him mellowed and broadened; yet the bitter tang never left his political pronouncements. He hit too hard in public ever to be wholly liked in so good-natured a country, except by those who knew him in private. But I never knew a man who so conspicuously separated himself from his party, and retained so fully their respect.

Mr. Chamberlain's Heritage

Mr. Runciman goes to the Lords, after holding varied office over almost thirty years. He was never a name of controversy; but in parliaments before the war he was admirably efficient; in the last one, some good judges thought him the most efficient administrator of them all. Meanwhile Mr. Churchill, his exact contemporary (they fought their first election as opponents) remains in the singular position to which English public life has

relegated him ; with more experience of office than even Mr. Lloyd George, with abilities that all admit to be greater than those of any man living except Mr. Lloyd George, he is kept out of power (even though he supports the Government) just as resolutely as Mr. Lloyd George. In one word, these two men have genius. It may perhaps be the final criticism of Mr. Baldwin that he encouraged the English people to distrust genius. It is not certain that he was wrong. But when one considers these two men, out of office, and the men who are in office, Mr. Baldwin's legacy looks like the apotheosis of the humdrum.

This contrast was soon emphasized. Mr. Chamberlain had to face at once a revolt against his special levy on profits. Sir Francis Acland, the kind of man who in such cases is listened to with respect for his experience and his character, said very frankly that he had liked the proposal at first but had changed his opinion. A great body of business men were against it, not because they wanted to shirk paying but because the tax was inconvenient and unfair in its proposed working. Matters looked awkward. Then Mr. Churchill rose and made a speech which was a delight to read, yet like all first-rate debating must have been incomparably better to hear. Drawing on an immense range of memory, he showed why the proposal should be dropped, but also how little fear there was of discredit in dropping it. He continued to keep the House laughing at everybody and specially at himself ; every laugh helped the argument to go home, but also every laugh made it easier for Mr. Chamberlain to give in good-humouredly. It was the speech of a man at the very height of his reasoning powers and his experience, but it had throughout an astonishing quality of youthfulness. The new administration had refused to employ his powers ; at their very start off, he showed those powers in coming triumphantly to their rescue. Mr. Churchill has had immense opportunities for learning but I never realized before how much he had learnt from life itself. The best things in that speech were neither the wit nor the cogency of the argument ; they were the good temper and the helpfulness ; these qualities count more with the House of Commons than the most brilliant piece of wrecking. It is a fortunate country that can keep such a man as Mr. Churchill in reserve.

Genius in the Wilderness

In London, after all the exuberances of the Coronation it has been amazing to find no feeling—of the night (or the month) after the night before. Chance brought me into touch with one of the many thousands who faced the very rigours of the game: a lady belonging to one of the European States from which money can simply not be sent; so she decided for the pavement. From eleven o'clock when she forced her way through Trafalgar Square to Whitehall, to about three in the morning, she saw carnival; after that, a grim quiet waiting: but her neighbours on the kerbstone kept her place for her while she wandered and saw people piled in heaps together for warmth like puppies in a kennel. When the procession had passed, she was nearly dead; but she had learnt a great deal about England.

Coronation Junketings

Indeed, much was learnt about England, or realized about England, in those days of concourse. A lady, having relatives whose menfolk had served long in the Indian Army went with them to Hampton Court where the regiments they knew of old were represented; an Irish officer fetched out Indians and Gurkhas to whom the family name would be familiar; men in their superb uniforms appeared and saluted and smiled, and there was much talk in Hindustani of old memories. "Are they enjoying themselves?" my friend asked the officer. He showed a list, arm-long. "These are some of the things we are all invited to." Now, that was a pleasant knitting up.

At the big reception given by Chatham House in St. James' Square, when that beautiful place was rescued for a day from being a car park, we could all see the Alake of Abbeokuta and his suite, wonderful to look at in full costume; but the charm was in their faces, full of friendly frank enjoyment. I understood Mary Kingsley's feeling for that race; and Lyautey's saying that the African meets the European with a cordiality that does not come naturally between Europeans and Asiatics.

Curious, too, it was to meet so little resentment against the bus strike—even where the inconvenience had been most felt. One of the reactions I heard expressed was of admiration—almost to amazement—for the handling of underground traffic. Yet in truth

Commonsense in Controversy

that triumph was possible because English people fell in so good humouredly and competently with a necessity. Nobody rushed or scrimmaged, and as to the traffic dispute, it was generally felt that commonsense would prevail. The Trade Union leaders evidently determined that the politically-minded element in their membership should get the chance they wanted to try it out. Quite probably also they realized that it would not be entirely a bad thing to have the streets clear of the biggest vehicles in that congestion. But when the world got back to normal life, leadership asserted itself quietly. It would be a lucky thing for France if there were among the labour organisations as much undictatorial leadership as Great Britain possesses. But that is mainly because in Great Britain employers of labour have been less inclined to push the letter of the law to such extreme interpretations as have been enforced in France. Yet in Paris, though discontent among the workers has led to deliberate delay on work for the Exhibition (fostered apparently by agitators in both the political camps)the Exhibition has been opened and admired. Meanwhile things are happening in the United States which if they happened in France would produce a general scare of civil war. Even aeroplanes have been used, some say on both sides, in an industrial war. One must admire the stability of a country which can be untroubled by such startling phenomena. But in America and in France—possibly even in the dictatorships—there will be even stronger admiration for a democracy which can avoid such shocks.

For, in the threatening issue of the coalfields, Mr. Baldwin's appeal has been answered. Masters and men—or rather, as Mr. Baldwin knew and said, the few men who on each side represented immense organisations—got together and avoided a trial of strength in which not only innumerable individuals, but the nation, must have suffered.

Chance took me this spring through great tracts of England and Scotland quite unknown to me. Going mostly to places where people go for pleasure, we passed through districts where the friend who drove me had seen, only a few years back, men out of work leaning against the walls, or squatting, miner-fashion, on the pavements. Such sights are unhappily still to be seen in places ; but you can now drive from far north in Scotland to

London without meeting them. In the Coronation week, one passed sometimes from a mining village gaily decorated to its neighbour without a scrap of bunting ; but very few were the bare patches, even in areas that could be put down as " red." Probably a good many who would vote for Mr. Maxton or Mr. Gallacher at any election chose to take their part in a general expression of goodwill to the two young people about whom so much ceremony has centred. That would not have been possible in a time when Great Britain was not at ease.

To Arm for Peace

In the wider world, the rearmament of Great Britain is taken everywhere as the best reinforcement of all that makes for peace : the industrial recovery of Great Britain is seen as a hopeful sign for the world's commerce. Nowhere is this more strongly expressed than in the United States ; and movements make themselves felt for some arrangement between the English-speaking peoples which may lessen the restraints on international trade. There is at least a will to this end. The very able and beneficent ruler whose policies in the United States appear to be gradually prevailing over the various oppositions of huge financial interests and a rigid constitution certainly wishes that America should play its part in making life easier over the world. It will be less difficult for him, at a time when the name of England is popular with his people, to work with England. The United States, emerging from a desperate time of all but collapse, see Great Britain also rising strongly back to prosperity, and instead of jealousy there is sympathy greater than at any time since the War.

Democracy in the Ascendant

In Europe, things appear steadier. After the personal triumph of M. van Zeeland over his quasi-Fascist opponent in Belgium comes the victory of Dr. Colijn in Holland and the rout of a growing Nazi party. Dictatorships appear less admirable when it is seen that a democracy can be both stable and splendid. Italy and Germany may be less gratified by that demonstration, but people who have been lately in both these countries agree on this : that English-speaking people in both were never received with

such demonstrative friendliness—even, at a time when Italy ostentatiously refuses to be represented at the Coronation functions, and shuts out all of the English press which says things that the Duce may not like. But both in Italy and in Germany the strength that Great Britain has today, the greater strength it will have tomorrow, are fully recognized.

Some commentators urge that Great Britain, having recovered a position of great if not paramount influence, should use it to insist that the Franco-Soviet pact must be modified so as to end the "encirclement" of Germany. "Encirclement" in their view means that Germany is not permitted to expand her frontiers at her own discretion; and the conditions of peace for Europe apparently is that Germany must be left free to deal with Czechoslovakia and with Austria as she feels able. We are asked in particular to resent the unworthy position accorded to the German-speaking subjects of Czechoslovakia—who, it may be recalled, were never subjects of the German *Reich* and who have their representatives in the Czech Government. To ensure this liberty of action in Germany, Great Britain is to break up its cordial understanding with France. We are in effect to decide that the work of Thomas Masaryk is less worthy of support than the work of Herr Hitler. This is scarcely the way to maintain the unity which today exists in England. Nor is it at all clear that by marching in obedience to German wishes England would serve the wishes of Germany's ally. Whatever England can do to improve relations between France and Italy will be of service to Europe. But that cannot be done by aggrandizing Germany at the expense of her weaker neighbours.

Whether it is dignified or advantageous to maintain recognition of the Emperor of Abyssinia, I do not feel able to decide.

The Problem of Abyssinia

Active assistance towards recovering Abyssinia's freedom will certainly not be given by any European Power, unless that Power is at war with Italy. How long, for how many centuries, the spirit of resistance may last in Abyssinia, only time can tell: it lasted, and had to last, a long time in Ireland; and possibly the Abyssinia that regains its freedom may be a very different country from that which was conquered. Meantime, recognition of the Emperor at Geneva is only of use as a reminder that the League

failed because England was not strong enough to take risks for a principle of justice which all England accepted.

There was a plain issue then. In Spain today the issue is not so clear, except to Germany and Italy, where only one opinion is allowed to exist and that opinion holds it essential that "Bolshevism" shall not get the mastery. Those countries agree to non-intervention because they hold that General Franco can win and will win with the help they have already given. Most people in England would like to know what to wish. Germany's action has not been admired in England; and it is certain that the English people would stand behind its Government if the German fleet were used in the Mediterranean in a way that menaced those interests which Great Britain and the Dominions consider vital.

Bombing the Deutschland

It is vital that the integrity of the Spanish possessions shall be maintained. That means plainly that a transfer of the Balearic islands or of the Canaries would be resisted by force. Since it is recognized that France and England would stand together in this policy, the interest which Germany and Italy might have for intervention limits itself to the defeat of Bolshevism; and the Spanish Government obligingly assists them. If the bombing of the *Deutschland* was done by order of the Government, then the Government is convicted of lunatic incompetence. If, as seems to me more likely, the stroke was carried out by soldiers out of control, on their own initiative, then the Government is shown to be no more than a provisional junta—in truth, less of a real administration than that which the insurgents possess. There is no apparent unity of aim; this outrageous folly was carried out while the Basques at Bilbao were being driven in chiefly for lack of support in the air. What effect can have been produced in Bilbao by the news of this hopeful raid, except to create a sense that they were denied the assistance which they needed and deserved, when the Government has the means to give it?

Germany's reaction was perfectly in accord with the national teaching; and when a nation has been told that it must choose guns rather than butter, there is strong inducement for their

rulers to show the guns in use when a chance offers. It is not reasonable to judge Germany on principles by which Germany refuses to be bound.

Aspects of the Novel

An interesting study, *Le Théâtre de Somerset Maugham*, by M. Paul Dottin, professor in the Faculty of Letters at Toulouse, lets us know that a writer largely successful, both with plays and novels, definitely regards dramatic works as of less value than prose fiction. And M. Dottin, though depreciating Mr. Maugham's disparagement of his own plays, agrees with him. " The novel, a Proteus among literary forms, is a higher literary form, capable of almost infinite developments." We have surely come a long way in the last four or five generations, since Walter Scott considered that a respectable lawyer might publish poems but would lose caste if he owned up to a novel. And indeed prose fiction, has spread its conquests far. Since Tennyson and Browning, no one has really got a hold with poetry, and only Shaw (though it is a big exception) with the drama. One of the Protean transformations is studied by Professor Baker in the last of eight solid volumes which he has devoted to the whole subject. This deals with what he calls Romanticism—"from the Brontës to Meredith." Now of all words " romanticism " is perhaps the hardest to pin down ; and Professor Baker begins by admitting that if Scott is regarded as a romantic, then the word must have another meaning when applied to Wordsworth and Coleridge, or to the Brontës, in whom, according to his judgment, romanticism is really displayed. One could argue about that till cock-crow, but why argue ? Let us admit that the Brontës, George Eliot and George Meredith are more concerned to analyse the human soul than was Scott, or any of his eighteenth century forerunners; and that Trollope, who comes in here oddly, stuck to the traditional lines. Labels apart, here is a very clear, and well balanced discussion of several major authors—especially of Meredith. The last page of the book is a protest against the " superior people " who dismiss him as being out of date. " But," says Professor Baker, " Meredith was never in date." He was never journalistically accurate in his representation of life ; he saw it all through a fantastically refracting mirror. No decade,

and he wrote through five of them, accepted his work as portraiture. It has gone out of fashion a little, but never was greatly in fashion and is the more likely to come back. I can remember, forty years ago, being accused of affectation for treating Trollope as worth serious study; fifteen years ago, critics, some of them the same critics, were for putting him on a level with Thackeray. George Eliot is about due for a similar renascence. Somebody will make a corner in first editions of her, and then the trumpets will begin.

I cannot quite make out why Blackmore is not discussed in this volume—but presumably he is a " romantic " only in the same sense as Scott. Charles Reade is here, and justice is almost—I think not quite—done to his amazing *Cloister on the Hearth*. The Kingsleys are studied, but Professor Baker does not I think, recognize that there was some spark in Charles Kingsley —some intensity of feeling—which puts his work on a different level from that of his brother. Even forty years after it was published, *Yeast* was a powerful ferment, and remains in the memory as his *Westward Ho* ! does not. Mrs. Gaskell is admirably treated—but where is Mrs. Oliphant ? Miss Yonge, a feminine counterpart to Trollope, shared one essential quality with him ; her characters were live persons to her and they became so to her readers. Dr. May and his family are not so interesting as Dr. Grantley and the other denizens of Barchester Close, but they are kindred creations. They appealed to the same public ; and, though perhaps Trollope insisted less on church-going, they had fundamentally the same outlook on life. But where now is the school-girl who would be seen reading Miss Yonge ?

Academy Views

So many people beside myself will have been late in seeing this year's Academy that I permit myself to look back to it. Water colours on the whole seemed more covetable than the oils, but that is not unusual in English exhibitions. In sculpture only one thing impressed me much—Mr. McMillan's statue of old Turner, happily placed among the paintings in the great room. Mr. Hermon Cawthra's Niche Figures for Manchester Town Hall had impressive dignity. Among smaller things I noted two that were charming—one the bronze statuette of a Bakou Bear by

Raoh Schorr, the other an adorable chimpanzee, carved in wood whose grain suggested the long fur. Miss Eily Roche had found a buyer—and no wonder. Such things as these more easily find room in a modern dwelling than any picture.

Among the paintings I noted Mr. Jack's very powerful solid study of Brompton Oratory, with its shafts of real light; two very sympathetic and amusing portraits, one of Brig.-Gen. Sir Capel Holden by Mr. Connard, the other of Sir John Lavery by the late Mr. Harrington Mann. But two things stand out—one by a veteran, the other signed with a name new to me. Sir George Clausen has never, I think, painted anything more beautiful than his "Early Morning." The broad simple lines of that double sweep of upland and double sweep of cloud bank, beyond it recall Crome's "Mousehold Heath"; they surpass it in beauty of colour. Another picture, "Stormy Sky," by the same hand reveals the same unusual technique in handling cloud masses. Is Sir George Clausen still inventing new methods at eighty-four? The newcomer is Mr. Robert Greenham. His study of Greta Garbo would stamp him as original; but the portrait of Edna May Oliver as "Aunt Betsy Trotwood" was what fixed my attention. Smooth-flowing brushwork in long lines of lustrous black only adds relief to the living blackness of the eyes: it is—and so to a less degree is the Greta Garbo—not only a brilliant decorative composition but the realization of a personality.

WHAT IS "CREDIT?"

By George Glasgow.

"THE CURSE OF CREDIT," by Baron R. A. de Lynden. With a preface by Christopher Hollis. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The plain man will find this a stiff book to read. He will probably not understand a word of it. The "expert" or the man who knows something in his practical experience of money, banking, investment and the organisation of international trade, will react in accordance with his own temperament. If, for example, he likes academic disputation he will enjoy the book, and may even convince himself that he understands it. If he takes things as they are, and calls a spade a spade, he will wonder if Baron de Lynden has not overstepped logic into absurdity.

What precisely is Baron de Lynden worried about?

On page xvi., he writes:

> "Whereas the unsophisticated mind is inclined to look upon gold as being money, if anything is, the practical experience is that the actually handled money or currency can seemingly be used far beyond the physical capacity of this visualized prototype of money which the currency appears to represent as it were by proxy, at least by implication or thought associations, if not explicitly."

That quotation is not, nor could any quotation from so compact, closely reasoned and technical a book, be, in itself, clear as to what the author is driving at. In short, what he criticises is the present-day financial system in which the monetary authorities are able to "create" or to "destroy" what he calls "credit." The only healthy thing, according to him, is to restrict "money" absolutely to its rigid, precise, tangible value, as an asset in itself. Mr. Christopher Hollis, who has a way of expressing complicated things simply, puts it in this way:

> "We are asked how much money we have in the bank. We say that we have so many pounds and so many pounds, and the sum total, when we have all had our say, is some ten times more than the cash that the bank holds. How can we, between us all, have £1000 in the bank, if there is only £100 in its tills at all?"

Now the controversy about "credit," both in the sense of currency inflation and of what for short may be called "brokers' loans," is a familiar bone of contention between financiers and economists who have a taste for theories or pure logic in argument. Obviously, when the German Government in 1923 manufactured currency by the simple process of printing it in such quantities that the mark touched the unimaginable figure of 150,000,000,000 to the pound, the proceeding was just devoid of any sense whatever. The machinery of life in its material aspect had broken down, just as the machinery of a clock breaks down when the main spring goes wrong and the hands whizz round as if the face of the clock were a racecourse. When in 1929 brokers' loans in New York amounted to some 6,000,000,000 dollars, the circumstance was in a smaller degree divorced from reality; and when the "deflation" began the result was disastrous.

But what is the essence of the practices to which Baron de Lynden and

Mr. Hollis so strongly object? A bank holds money on behalf of clients. Some of it is held on deposit on which the bank pays interest. The bank's funds are largely invested. The funds are so large that in an emergency or a forced liquidation the big five London banks, for example, must necessarily be bankrupt. To meet their liabilities they would have to sell securities on the Stock Exchange. To sell is impossible without a buyer. The unloading would be such that the banks would bring down the market against themselves, if indeed they could sell at all, for the general circumstances which forced the banks to liquidate would, by their own tokens, frighten off the buyers.

The Lynden idea is that credit should be restricted to the possibilities of actual cash. A lends B money only in so far as A has actual "cash" to lend and lends it physically in cash, whether the cash be in the form of gold or an equally tangible alternative. But is it quite so simple a matter? If one probes down to bedrock, civilisation starts with specialisation in work for common convenience. Instead of each person doing everything for himself, finding his own food, building his own house, making his own clothes, one person does all the building, another all the clothes-making, and the exchange value of the work done is symbolised by a negotiable "token" or money.

But a man cannot build houses for others without "capital," i.e., tokens given to him as invested capital by a thrifty worker who had saved. The capitalist, of course, expects a return on his capital. As soon as his capital is used to buy bricks, it ceases to be "cash" in the Lynden sense, and the capitalist must rely on the business success of the undertaking in which his money is invested. If the business fails he loses his "money," which therefore ceases to be tangible in any sense. When the bank lends money, it lends money as represented by Stock Exchange securities and lends it on the collateral security of other such securities.

Of course it all depends on credit. Of course the practice is dangerous. Of course it is abused. What in life is not abused? How can we dispense with credit or keep it within logical limits? Mr. Hollis writes: "To say that each of us has a right to be given £1, if we demand it, is silly. We have only the right so long as we do not exercise it." But that is not in the least silly. Of course the bank could not meet its liabilities if its creditors all at once demanded repayment. It is a conspiracy of mutual trust, if you like; but why not? Life itself, after all, is a mystery. In October 1931 it was a sense of confidence (unsound and illogical in actual mathematical fact) that saved London from a run on the banks. All was well, because credit saved the situation.

Where Baron de Lynden is indisputably right is when he exposes the purely political abuse of credit. If what he calls created credit were a matter exclusively of banking and commercial finance, all would be as well as is possible in this imperfect world. It is when a British Government for example borrows £1,000,000,000 from the United States which it cannot repay and when a United States Government lends £1,000,000,000 and then refuses to be repaid in goods or services (the only possible form of repayment) that the system is reduced to chaos. If, however, the governments could cease to meddle with finance and commerce, the normal play of supply and demand would work itself out in the long run. What is wrong is the hypertrophied power of the politicians. Bolshevism in its widest sense is the cancer of our time. On that aspect of the matter Baron de Lynden is abundantly right. Booms and slumps are inherent in human nature. The only baffling mischief is done when governments translate their idiotic theories into coercive legislation, instead of leaving things alone.

MEDITERRANEAN MISCHIEF

By W. Horsfall Carter.

SPAIN OVER BRITAIN, by Henry Blythe. *Routledge.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE DANGEROUS SEA, by George Slocombe. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

LORDS OF THE INLAND SEA, by Sir Charles Petrie, Bart. *Lovat Dickson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

After a brief fifteen years' period of exhaustion following the World War the principal European States are to be seen once again in headlong career hurtling forward to their mutual destruction : like highly-trained race-horses entered for the power-stakes. And the individual national communities—to-day more than ever before—resemble nothing so much as jockeys palsied with fear whose mounts have run away with them.

The scene of this woeful spectacle is at present the Mediterranean. Since the Spanish civil war began the appalling fact stares us all in the face. Yet, with the notable exception of Captain Liddell Hart, our mentors have hitherto been extremely reticent about the extent and implications of this Mediterranean mischief. All honour to Mr. Henry Blythe, then, whoever he may be, for speaking out plainly and bluntly those things which are whispered in high military circles and are actually—after pitiful delay—now motivating the policy of His Majesty's Government.

Mr. Blythe explains and analyses admirably the dynamics, so to speak, of contemporary Mediterranean strategy. The century-old wardenship of the Middle Sea—an Anglo-French condominium—is now challenged, not unnaturally, by the two other European Great Powers, Italy and Germany, whose peoples have been taught by unremitting propaganda that the day of *their* might and majesty has dawned.

What, then, is to be done about it ? Mr. George Slocombe in his final pages mutters something about a Mediterranean Pact taking in all the principal Powers—an elaboration of the still-born projects for a Mediterranean Locarno which have littered the last ten years. But his murmurings are quite unconvincing. And Sir Charles Petrie can see nothing for it but that Britain shall break away entirely from the trammels of Geneva, pocket her pride and somehow or other let Italy in on the condominium. Events, however, have already outrun these speculations. It is the great merit of Mr. Blythe's little book that he rams this truth home. He shows that, whereas hitherto Italy has been a prisoner within the Mediterranean, the ineffable self-abasement of the prison guardians during her Abyssinian foray has brought about an entirely new situation. Like this country Italy depends substantially on imports from abroad ; her imperialism depends, therefore, on a sufficiency of sea and air power. The traditional policy of friendship with Britain and France leaves her, strategically, however, entirely at their mercy. An Italy set on an imperialist course, therefore, has no option, after a period of manœuvring but to challenge the Anglo-French hegemony. As Mr. Blythe says, " to cure the fatal weakness of her vulnerable defensive policy "—granted the continuing power-contest of the unbridled sovereign States—Italy must aim her-

self at supreme power. Opportunity beckons in the dissensions of the political groups in Spain, and Italy sees her chance of securing an option upon the key position at the entrance of the Mediterranean, relying on the tactics of bluff at the expense of British fear of Germany and Baldwinic inertia which have already stood her in such good stead.

The point on which Mr. Blythe insists is that, having once started intervening in the Spanish conflict, whatever may have been the original motive, Italy is inevitably sucked further into the whirlpool by the strategical implications of that political decision. (In this respect Germany stands in a different category.) The estimated figures of Italian intervention which he gives can now be checked by those of the Spanish Government's White Book—50,000 is the minimum figure he suggests. Due importance is attached to Italy's established position in the Balearic Isles. Above all, the actual effect of that sorry farce, the Non-Intervention Agreement, is clearly indicated : " by increasing so greatly the relative military value of whatever weapons did get through to Spain it put a premium on intervention."

In a final section the author examines the implications of this Italian invasion of Spain in the light of international law and points to the especial danger of this new technique of aggression for the British Empire. He even writes: " it is to be expected " that Britain and France—the two Powers peculiarly concerned—should seek power from the League to act on its behalf. What a hope!

Political whimsies of this nature are conspicuously absent from Mr. Slocombe's book. It is an altogether admirable background study. A brilliantly-written first section disposes the reader to a consideration of the Mediterranean in history, with particular reference to Gibraltar and Tangier. Then comes a conspectus of the special position of the various States situate on its European shores ; after this the shores of Asia and Africa are similarly treated. And finally a rather unsatisfactory chapter on the Spanish civil war—the book was being written last autumn—together with an authoritative and thoroughgoing consideration of the new problems confronting Britain's centuries-old sea power. Not a single detail is missing—the author does justice to the notion of withdrawal from the Mediterranean, popularized by Mr. H. C. Bywater—" at best an expedient and a dangerous expedient " and has some striking figures of British requirements in food supplies and raw materials in the event of war. The only lapse I can detect is the description of General Primo de Rivera (in 1917) as Captain-General of the Spanish Army. No such rank exists. Mr. Slocombe's study should endure as the standard biography of the Middle Sea.

By comparison Sir Charles Petrie's effusion is rather small beer. It is in fact not so much a study of the Mediterranean Powers (the sub-title) as a dirge on democracy. We are warned in the Preface of the author's peculiar viewpoint when he tells us that " the twentieth-century is pre-eminently an age of monarchy, in the etymological sense." —thus the term fits Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal as well as King Victor Emmanuel, the King of Greece and the Comte de Paris. It is quite fun to have history through the looking-glass, and there are some shrewd observations which would be good medicine for our blinkered liberals. But as a contribution to knowledge it is unworthy of the author, who has claims to being a serious historian. And there are one or two gems which in themselves are revealing ; thus, the French Revolution, we are told, " righted no wrongs that would not have been remedied *in due course* (my italics) without the resort to violence which it occasioned. .," and British policy in 1935-36, we are informed, was primarily due to fear of public opinion " which had been allowed to get out of hand . . ." The Spanish chapter contains a number of definite misstatements.

AN IRISH PATRIOT

By Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE BIG FELLOW. A Life of Michael Collins, by Frank O'Connor. Nelson, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. O'Connor has done well in throwing light on the character of Michael Collins, for he was by no means a cruel man, yet like most men of action, prone to dictatorial methods; sensitive but shirking nothing when duty deemed drastic action necessary. Here was a second Hitler but not a second Mussolini.

The story of Michael Collins and the part he played in the Irish Rebellion would be incredible if not true. As Michael Collins was my doughty opponent in Dublin during seven momentous months of the Black and Tan "trouble," I can appreciate the Author's story of the many escapes which Collins had, and the part which the indiscipline and drunkenness of some of my men (an indiscipline which was encouraged or winked at by the Government) played in helping him to keep his liberty.

The account of "Bloody Sunday" when British Secret Service Agents and Court Martial Officers were murdered between 9 a.m. and 9.15 a.m., mostly in their beds, is accurate, as I can testify. But Mr. O'Connor throws fresh light when he tells us that from the point of view of Collins, the plan had only partly been successful, because many who were on the assassination list, were not accounted for! Assassination, a horrible weapon, often of necessity used by small nations fighting for existence, takes much stomaching if justification is to be found for such action. Yet it must be remembered, as the author clearly points out, Collins was only replying, tit for tat, to a policy which had originated, in secret, at the British War Office itself.

Working through the months steadily from phase to phase, Mr. O'Connor brings us to the hesitation of Mr. Lloyd George, often misinformed, wanting peace yet not knowing how to acquire it; the Irish Peace Conference, and the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, and from thence to its ratification in Dublin, by a majority of seven; the split among the Irish Republicans, and the disastrous civil war which killed Griffith and cost Collins his life. It is a sad story, which haunted Collins to his death. Mr. O'Connor tells us how he (Collins) was responsible for permitting the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson in London, by Dunn and Sullivan, who were subsequently hanged, and how he tried, unavailingly, to arrange their escape from an English gaol. A week after the double executions, Collins, weighed down with grief, was killed by his one time friends.

The assassination of Sir Henry Wilson was the culminating act in an appalling glut of human life-taking, for which Collins himself cannot escape some responsibility, even though he regarded Wilson as responsible for the massacre of the MacMahon family in Belfast. Yet the murder, appalling as it was, led to one important result—it struck terror into the hearts of English and Ulster politicians, and the persecution of Roman Catholics ceased.

I can throw more light on this tragedy, for in 1921 I warned Sir Henry Wilson at the War Office that, if he did not keep his mouth shut, he would meet the end which eventually befell him. Having acquired information about the truth of the assassination of the MacMahons

in Belfast, I laid information before the Irish Office, of which no notice was taken, and on the Sunday following the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson, wrote a letter to Mr. Lloyd George, and delivered it by hand at No. 10, Downing Street, informing him of the connection between the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson and the MacMahons.

The chief value in this book, however, will be found in the light it throws on the disastrous quarrels, hatreds, and personal dislikes which exhibited themselves, not only among the Irish Delegates to the Treaty Conference, but among the followers of Mr. De Valera in Dublin. It is a regrettable story, because, obviously there should have been no split, and the amazing fact emerges, that during the fatal hours which preceded the signing of the Treaty, the delegates had lost their heads to such an extent that they forgot the main issue, and failed to telephone to Dublin, placing the facts of the British ultimatum before the Irish Authorities, thus placing on the head of Mr. De Valera the responsibility for acceptance or rejection. Obviously there had been evasion of the main issue two days before the final tragedy in Dublin, when Collins and Griffith actually asked for definite instructions, knowing what was coming. Everyone concerned must share the blame, because it was obvious that compromise on the matters of the Crown and the Oath was representative on the one side and clean cut Republicanism on the other. The fatal mistake was made by the Irish of permitting the exclusion of Ulster to take second place to the inclusion of the King. England was weary of Ulster at the time, and there is little doubt that, had Ireland insisted on the inclusion of Ireland as a whole in Dominion status, with local autonomy for Ulster—within limits—as the price for the acceptance of the Crown and the Oath, the British Delegates would have been in a difficult position in the sight of England and the world, and would have yielded; but this was not to be.

JUAN BELMONTE, KILLER OF BULLS

Translated, with an introduction by Leslie Charteris. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

JUAN BELMONTE is the greatest living Spanish bull fighter. He is also a man of intelligence and charm; but that is to put his character inadequate terms. From the first hesitant but penetrating words, from the first few gestures, from his behaviour among the men of talent who are his friends in other spheres, it is obvious that Belmonte is a man of genius. Writers have spoken of the immediate impression of extraordinary power they have had from men like Conrad and T. E. Lawrence; the same unforgettable impression is made by Belmonte. Among the Spaniards who came to maturity in that general renaissance of spiritual life which preceded the horrors of the present invasion and civil war, he is outstanding. And not merely in his profession but by his sensibility. To English readers who know about bull fighting and bull fighters, only from hearsay, such a statement will seem incredible. It will seem less so after they have read this book of reminiscences which Belmonte put into the hands of a Spanish journalist and which Mr. Charteris has translated and introduced.

The Englishman looks upon all entertainments and spectacles as sport; bull-fighting has generally seemed to him one of the most brutal of its forms. But the sense of sport is almost unknown to Spaniards. A nation of primitives, they love the forms loved by primitive men and bull-fighting for them is an art, a matter of emotion and intelligence governed by the most elaborate tradition of rituals, a thing as complex as a symphony. Without understanding this context no one can speak with much interest or relevance about the bull-fight. Belmonte grew up in the midst of a living tradition. It was as natural for him and his fellow gutter-snipes in the streets of Seville to play with bulls as it is for an English child to play with dogs or horses. From his earliest days he was practising the

formal passes upon chairs, bicycles, tables and, his fellows and even upon sympathetic relatives. The bull-breeding estates in the South are protected by the police as English pheasant woods are protected by game keepers, and the young bull "fans" of Seville used in his youth to go out at night like poachers to practise secretly upon the bulls in a manner which seems terrifying to the uninitiate. Often they fought naked, for they had swum rivers to get privily to the fields. This was all very normal. Actually the exceptional event in Belmonte's childhood had nothing to do with bull-fighting at all but with the knowledge of poverty and responsibility which is soon given to the small Spanish child who is pushed out early into the streets. He and some other boys came to the grave and pathetic decision that the only thing to do was to emigrate to Africa. Penniless and in the pitiless, waterless Andulasian heat, he and the other children set out to walk from Seville to Cadiz, unknown to their parents, and to take ship to Morocco. They did get to the sea more dead than alive, and the odd thing is that a relative in Jerez to whom they went for aid did not turn them back but helped them on the way. Spanish poverty is the grim stimulus to Spanish individualism.

The story of Belmonte's early struggles, his first failures, his sudden successes and the fluctuations of his later fame is fascinating and is told with charming candour and simplicity. The strange bull-fighting public has its factions, its incredible critics, authorities and wiseacres. Adulated and exalted to heaven one moment, the bull-fighter may be experiencing curses and denunciation the next. Women pursue him, he moves about with a court of hangers-on. He travels on those wearying and interminable Spanish train journeys from one provincial town to the next, and the "fans" gather in his bedroom, watch him go to sleep, watch him wake up, and attend the *toilette* as if he were a minor monarch. Some of these scenes with their rare characters are as revealing in the book as any novel could be.

But most interesting are Belmonte's notes on his own character and his art. They might be from the biography of any artist. A man who has suffered all his life from poor physical health, Belmonte had not only to master this, but also a persistent strain of morbid fear. He had no fear in the ring, but beforehand he knew every agony of doubt about his own capacities. He took, as the years went by, a highly intellectual view, perhaps a too intensely intellectual view, of his art—"I am convinced that the art of bull-fighting is the deification of a state of mind" —and a love of the company of writers, painters and intellectuals generally, led him to profitless speculations. From Seville he once rung up a friend in Madrid to discuss urgently with him the meaning of a line of D'Annunzio's "Danger is the pivot of the sublime life." He thought of suicide. There was something naïve in all this—there is a marked *naïveté* in his character—but the same sterile and tortured phase may be noted in other men of action who have brains as well as the instincts of genius. The case of T. E. Lawence is not dissimilar. Belmonte solved this typically artistic problem by returning to his childhood haunts and entering once more upon the simple life of playing bulls in the open fields which had been the source of his own skill.

A book like this one, which comes at second hand from its subject, cannot catch the full force of particular genius but both Señor Nogales and the translator have done very well with their material. The introduction is intelligent, and the translation is pretty good. *Pueblo* should not be translated always as "village": Belmonte did not fight in villages. That, however, is not very important. The numerous photographs are very good, the drawings less so, though they belong to a school of bull-fighting illustration which those who read Spanish papers will recognize with affection. V. S. PRITCHETT.

ADONAIS. A Life of John Keats. By Dorothy Hewlett. *Hurst & Blackett.* 15*s.*

LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Charles Armitage Brown. Edited by Dorothy Hyde Bodurtha and Willard Bissell Pope. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

THOSE who have the temerity to write biographies of poets engage themselves in perils of an exceptionally alarming and almost forbidding nature. Lives of poets are, in fact, easily pre-eminent among the more dismal monstrosities of literary history. There is always the unhappy tendency to make a distinction, or to fake a distinction, between the psychological unit which the publisher usually describes as "the man" and the infinitely more important thing which is conveniently summarised, and eluded, as "his work." Such is the ineluctable destiny of poets and of their biographers.

It is therefore with some uneasiness that we approach a new life of Keats, and particularly (let us admit) a life of Keats written by a woman. But Miss Hewlett certainly does possess two admirable qualities: tremendous honesty of purpose and an undaunted faculty for investigation. There is nothing slap-dash or casual about her method, and if we may doubt whether she is at any time very close to the star-like soul of Adonais, we shall not deny that she has collected with energetic discrimination all the mere facts of his life. It would have been better, perhaps, if this welcome industry were never interrupted by the sallies of a fond imagination. We cannot be greatly interested in what "one may guess" or what "one would like to think" or in what is merely "possible." But the book, on the whole, is a thoroughly sound and interesting piece of work. The publishers are remarkably silly in telling us that we have here "the first popular and human book on Keats the man as distinct from Keats the poet." Such nonsense, no doubt inspired by notions of commercial efficacy, is unfair to Miss Hewlett. She has a great deal to say about the poetry of Keats (three of her chapters are devoted entirely to the poems), and if her examination is never very profound it is written pleasantly and with competence. Perhaps this book may supersede, in some respects, the vaster labours of Sir Sidney Colvin and of Miss Amy Lowell. It has at least one of the main requirements of a standard biography; a really magnificent index. The sensitive reader may be offended by a few slick infelicities ("richly Keatsian," "richly period," and "the Charmian element," for example), and by some irritating commonplaces and occasional sheer banality in the account of Keats' passion for Fanny Brawne; but the general construction of the book is excellent, the facts are carefully arranged and adequately presented, and the story is continually interesting.

To the student of Keats, the publication of Charles Armitage Brown's biographical memoir of the poet is an event of importance. Produced in a slender and elegant volume, this memoir is now printed for the first time, admirably edited and annotated by Dorothy Hyde Bodurtha and Dr. Pope. The memoir was originally composed as a lecture for the Plymouth Athenæum, delivered on December 27, 1836; nearly sixteen years after the death of Keats. The ultimate disposal of his manuscript became a problem for Brown. After his untimely death in New Zealand it came into the hands of Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), who found it of great value in writing his own *Life* of Keats. Lord Crewe, who inherited Brown's manuscript from his father, never withheld it from any accredited scholar, and the substance of the memoir has already been reproduced in the more important biographies. But the publication of the entire manuscript is none the less welcome. Brown was not a brilliant writer, but he knew Keats the poet, and his record is fairly described as "the only complete picture of Keats

written by an intimate friend." Brown was obsessed, perhaps unduly obsessed, by the idea that Keats had been treated with cruel malevolence by his countrymen, and that he had been "destroyed by hirelings, under the imposing name of Reviewers." He looked upon the vulgar stupidity of Lockhart or the tedious arrogance of Croker as things having a direct physical result upon the health of Keats and as contributory causes of his fatal illness. We may wonder if he was not a little misled by the depth of his own affection. The reader must judge for himself. And there will be many readers of this important and finely-produced little volume.

C. E. VULLIAMY.

THINGS PAST REDRESS, by Augustine Birrell. *Faber & Faber*. 15*s*.

A GRACEFUL essayist and a politician whose career ended in disaster, Augustine Birrell is hardly even a name to those who have grown up since the War. Yet I should say that he was the most impressive human being that I have ever known. I have indeed had the luck to meet greater statesmen than he, writers justly more famous, and conversationalists more brilliant, but no one comparable with him in force of personality. In the place of honour over his study chimney-piece a mezzotint of Dr. Johnson used to hang, and Mr. Birrell had, not unconsciously, a marked resemblance to that Anglican and Tory. But I do not think that I should have liked Dr. Johnson (though I would rather read about him than about anyone) and I am certain that he would not have liked me. Mr. Birrell, under a rather alarming manner, was remarkably unprejudiced; and also, as you discovered when you knew him well, almost surprisingly modest. He inspired deep affection, and therefore, in spite of many griefs, private and public, he was notably a happy man. His mother, his sisters and his two wives he loved deeply; and when death had taken these from him, there remained his two sons, his stepsons, and a number of devoted friends. His elder son Francis (whose death he happily did not live to see) kept him in contact with all that was liveliest in the post-war period, and his affection for his younger son was the deepest and most satisfying feeling of his later years. If he had written his memories earlier, they would, I believe, have been a masterpiece. He waited too long; his memory, except of remote things, began to fail; and his book, *Things Past Redress*, is only a torso.

It is not that his memoirs are dull or impersonal. They are delightful, characteristic, and full of flavour. But the account of his Cabinet years, and particularly of his Irish policy, is utterly inadequate. He was a far better Irish Secretary, an incomparably more brilliant Parliamentarian, than this over-modest book suggests. Moreover, those who remember the cynicism, at once caustic and jovial, of his talk will be surprised by the gentleness with which he treats most of the eminent persons mentioned in his book. Mr. Lloyd George and several other colleagues are, it is true, absent, and Mr. Balfour is not treated with undue respect. He had fought, with an acerbity which to-day is hardly known in English politics, against all the most sensible Liberal measures, including self-government for South Africa, and, of course, the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Birrell, notably unresentful as he usually was, found it hard to swallow the bland approval given by his old opponent to the 1920 Government of Ireland Act, which went so much further than the measures on which he had exhausted his vocabulary of vituperation. Moreover, Mr. Birrell, who was better able than most people to plumb Balfour's intellectual powers, had an uncommonly keen nose for cant (which above all things he detested) and he perceived beneath Balfour's charm an absence of sincere conviction.

Most of the reviewers of this book have spoken of the author as a great

Nonconformist. The son of a Baptist Minister, he was indeed vehement against the special privileges enjoyed by the Church of England. But he shared neither the religious beliefs of Dissenters, nor their puritanism. The Eighteenth Century was his spiritual home—a home which he knew intimately and lovingly from its gilded saloons to its forgotten garrets. Gladstone, Carlyle, Tennyson, Campbell Bannerman, Asquith and John Morley are among the figures of which he gives us vivid portraits. But it is Mr. Birrell himself that those who knew him will chiefly look for in his book, and they will be happy to hear an echo of that genial Johnsonian voice, and to see again the noble great head, and massive frame, while some who never knew him may, one hopes, catch here a glimpse of what he was, and be stimulated to read his admirable and now most absurdly under-rated volumes of essays.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, by G. A. Campbell. *Duckworth*. 15*s*.

MR. Campbell is laying us all in his debt by his admirably clear and calm studies, of which this is the second, of the Crusades, for they form easily the most chaotic and contradictory phase in mediæval history. Yet it is well that they should be understood for they illustrate, with an aptness of hardly any other episode, the superb idealism of the twelfth century, and how its steady refusal really to reckon with facts so often brought the achievements of its idealism crashing to the ground, leaving the evil it had sought to exercise still existent in an intensified form. There is no doubting the idealism, the sacrifice, and the courage which sent vast armies of volunteers far from their homes to rescue the Holy Places from the Infidel. They rescued them, but in a few years they had made Jerusalem the natural resort of

> "criminal and pestilent men, wicked and impious, sacrilegious, thieves and robbers, homicides, parricides, perjurers, adulterers and traitors . . . . Wicked people such as these in the West crossed the Mediterranean Sea, and took refuge in the Holy Land.

The story of the rise and fall of the Temple, which Mr. Campbell tells with the vividness of an artist and the careful accuracy of a true scholar, seems to express in an intensified form the atmosphere of the Crusade as a whole within which it is set. It begins with the need of a new order of military and religious knights to police Palestine. It is recruited from those who are

> free of debt, declare that they had forgiven their enemies, and otherwise prove themselves worthy of entering a fraternity which emphasised the importance of the religious as well as the military life.

It goes to St. Bernard himself for its Rule. It is superbly successful, and attains great power and such wealth as no other Order ever had. Then it declines, and charges of heresy, blasphemy, and worse could be successfully sustained against its members when at last it was suppressed by Philip the Fair of France.

The extent to which these charges were justly advanced is, of course, one of the debatable problems of history. The charges were very horrible, and they were horribly pressed upon the victims : but Mr. Campbell is inclined to think that, though exaggerated, they relate to real offences. But the Templars came up against Philip, one of the strongest and least scrupulous of French monarchs, who wanted their wealth, and whose interest was served by making their rather surprisingly wholesale villainy credible to the masses. The account Mr. Campbell gives of how he did it shows that the propagandist and judicial weapons of the totalitarian state are not so new as we sometimes think, nor any more efficient than in the hopelessly unscientific thirteenth century. Philip unctuously declared

> that he had a special duty to protect the faith from such corruption, and that, in view of the terrible nature of the accusations and in order to save the innocent as well as punish the guilty, he had decided, with the agreement of the Pope, to take

action without delay. . . . The wholesale arrest of the Templars went through without the slightest hitch. By the evening of October 13th almost every Templar in France was under lock and key in royal prisons—only a few hundred managed to escape. . . . It was a remarkable achievement to seize five thousand trained warriors in every corner of France on the same day.

It might be Hitler speaking, and Goering acting.

ROGER LLOYD.

GULLA THE TRAMP by John Carlin. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ALLAH DETHRONED. A Journey through Modern Turkey, by Lilo Linke. *Constable.* 15*s.*

UNDER FIVE EAGLES, by Lola Kinel. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Two of the three books under review have been written by young women who passed the most impressionable years of their lives in the economic cataclysm of the immediate post War years, and of necessity their philosophy is sharpened and restricted by the conditions under which they have had to live.

Miss Lola Kinel, in 1916, had just returned from America to visit her Polish parents in Russia when she and her family were swept into the maelstrom of the Bolshevik revolution. Luck and a faked passport saw them over the border into Poland, and from then on Miss Kinel scratched a precarious livelihood by her typewriter and a knowledge of five languages. A refugee camp in Poland, an American Mission in Danzig, a brief spell in Austria and a briefer one as secretary to Isadora Duncan (where she had to act as interpreter and go-between for her employer and her poet lover, Sergei Essenine, who spoke only Russian) make her determined to start life again in America. But even here life was abnormal, for she found herself in the thick of the "boom" period. A hasty marriage ends disastrously, and she is left in her early thirties with a baby, a varied experience of mankind and a simple faith in a knowledge of touch-typing to see her through the rest of her life. A naïve record of a stormy youth.

The author of *Allah Dethroned* is also a product of post-war Europe, and her first book *Restless Flags*, published a couple of years ago, told the story of her youth in Germany during the Inflation period. Now, a political exile from the country of her birth, she sets out alone to explore the lesser-known districts of Anatolia and to form her own opinions of its rebirth under the Ataturk.

Her undoubted enthusiasm for the methods of Kemal Pasha is rather surprising in view of her reactions to the same methods in her own country; but it is, perhaps, easier to view dispassionately reforms in a country not one's own. In any case the feminist in Miss Linke was bound to delight in the improved economic conditions of women—a point on which the Führer and the Ataturk do not see eye to eye.

Last, but by no means least, comes *Gulla the Tramp*. Gulla, too, is a young German woman, with a taste for adventure, but not having the same knowledge of English as have the other two authors, she leaves the telling of the story to her companion, Mr. John Carlin—and very well he does it.

A professional ethnologist, Gulla determines to study the habits and language of the great Fulbe nation and particularly its nomadic off-shoot the Bororo tribe.

The Fulbes and Bororo tribes are dispersed over the whole of the Cameroons but, for reasons of their own, the explorers restrict their investigations to the French side. After trekking for hundreds of miles up country they settle down for a stay of some months in the compound of one of the more settled Bororo tribes where Gulla is able to study the very elaborate language and the domestic habits of this highly civilised people.

It is, unfortunately, not possible in a short review to do justice to this extremely interesting book.

M.M.

PARADISE, by Esther Forbes. *Chatto Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE GROWN-UPS, by Catharine Whitcomb. *Chatto Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ALAS, POOR LADY, by Rachel Ferguson. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If you like being taken back to the days of Red Indians in full war paint, scalping and torturing, of religious excesses including the branding of scarlet women, of girls married at fifteen, of hard riding and hard child-bearing—in other words to the days of the brave New World when New England was New England, then *Paradise* is the story for you. It is indeed a magnificently exuberant narrative, a little slow in its take-off like most books whose plot is elaborate and whose characters are many and of varying importance. But, once the threads are grasped, then the excitement is maintained; for the whole book is charged with a profound sense of that pioneer life which having laboured so far falls back into a trough of depression, cruelty and exaggeration, as if there must needs be opportunity for the base to catch up with the brave in human nature. Miss Forbes' imaginative power has risen to the test of providing a complete picture, realistic as well as romantic. Her beautiful cold-blooded wanton, Bathsheba, is branded, but falls only gradually from her position of mistress of Paradise to that of servant. Fenton, her one-time lover and the eldest son, drifts into uncertainty and ease till the uprising of the Indians restores his old romantic energy; Jazan, his sister and feminine equivalent, marries the young minister, who in his weakness has hastily turned from preaching the Gospel of Christ to the gospel of Jehovah, though she loves the steward, Gervase . . . .frustration as well as achievement is here, and we take our leave of the little colony of Canaan, with much of its life blood drained. Miss Forbes is too repetitive; her style is florid and her adjectives profuse. But carping criticism should have little to say to a novel borne on such a powerful imaginative urge, and so instinct with vitality.

We move into much quieter waters with *The Grown-Ups.* The theme is one which is becoming familiar; the unhappy state of the children of divorced parents who pass from one lot of relatives to another, and who are defrauded of what should be the prerogative of childhood, security. Camilla has an experience with a sadistic step-mother reminiscent of David Copperfield's Murdstones, but otherwise her chief burden is her adoration for her handsome selfish father who in any emergency always fails her. Miss Whitcomb's gift is, however, impressionistic rather than creative. The valuable part of the book is her sensitive records of those sharp moments, so tenuous, so evanescent, in which the child feels and sees more urgently than often happens again the mystery and beauty of life.

Was it really as painful to be a young girl of the late Victorian period unable to acquire a husband as we insist upon to-day? Miss Ferguson certainly believes it was; she has written a grim novel in which she reveals the humiliations of the Scrimgeour girls, and particularly the youngest daughter Alice Scrimgeour, born in the year 1870 in a comfortable South Kensington mansion, and met in the prologue in 1936 as an elderly retired governess completely dependent on the Distressed Gentlefolk Protective Association for the means of subsistence. A good deal before the turn of the century, in "A Drama in Muslin," George Moore wrote of the heart-breaks which might accompany the first ball; and the subject has been a fruitful one ever since. Miss Ferguson is an able protagonist; and she has written a very readable story, but it would have been more convincing artistically had a little more cheerfulness been allowed to break in. After all, life can be and usually is hard for married women as well as unmarried, and the more intelligent and interesting grin sometimes as they bear it.

NORAH HOULT.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

Three topics, in particular, are likely to occupy the attention of Parliament for the remainder of the present session : films, food supplies and defence against devastation from the air. THE FORTNIGHTLY includes this month authoritative articles on each of these three themes.

John Grierson may justly be regarded as the pioneer of the documentary film. *Drifters*, his film of the herring-fishery in the North Sea, still ranks as the best thing of its kind. After making a special study of the reactions of the American public to the films shown over a particular period on behalf of the Rockefeller foundation he was appointed as Director of the Film Unit of the Empire Marketing Board (1927). His film producing unit enjoyed, of course, a freedom to experiment which those who are enmeshed in the commercial film must envy!

Two years ago, on the disappearance of the E.M.B., John Grierson and his associates were secured by Sir Stephen Tallents as principal agents in the publicity campaign of the British Post Office which has been so successful. His resignation from the G.P.O. Film Unit has just been announced. He intends, we understand, to continue his specialist work on the cinema in relation to public affairs. John Grierson is editor and director of the monthly paper, *World Film News*, and a member of the Film Council.

Dr. Cloudesley Brereton is a practised writer on agricultural questions. An article by him on *War-time Food Supplies* was published in THE FORTNIGHTLY six months ago. For some years he has been pounding away at the indifference of Government and public opinion to the vital needs of Britain's oldest industry, revealing the dangerous position in which this country finds herself by reason of her dependence on imported supplies and summoning to witness the submarine peril of 1917. His appraisal of the Government's programme, as announced by the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, Mr. Elliot's successor at the Ministry of Agriculture, suggests that there is still a great deal to be done towards correcting the balance of industry and agriculture, whose patent disequilibrium is the unfortunate legacy of XIXth century economic developments. Until two years ago Dr. Brereton—though rising seventy—superintended the management of the farm in Norfolk where he lives : thus devoting himself to a new profession after a thirty years' career as Inspector of Modern Languages for the L.C.C. His writings and his life—he went as a pupil to a French *lycée* at the age of twenty-six—reveal a truly remarkable versatility.

Jonathan Griffin is a young man well under forty who has made a special study of the problems of aviation. His book on *Britain's Air Policy*, published in 1935, stands out as the most remarkable and knowledgeable criticism that has been made of the shortcomings of H.M. Government in relation to the projects for internationalising air defence and transport for Europe which were ventilated at Geneva during the Disarmament Con-

ference. Last year he published *Alternative to Rearmament* (Macmillan) in which he developed in some detail the argument for non-menacing defence which will be found in the present article. His criticism of the waste and misdirection in the present rearmament programme appears to us unanswerable.

Monetary policy is a subject on which the ordinary intelligent man gets strangely little enlightenment from the Press—despite the floods of ink which pour out from the offices of City editors. Hence the general bewilderment at the hysteria of the moneyed interests about the recent vagaries of gold.

Lord Northbourne who expounds the A.B.C. of Gold shows that this is a subject which vitally concerns every one of us, and that the current mumbo-jumbo conceals two fundamentally divergent views of the proper basis for the national money. Lord Northbourne, formerly Mr. W. E. C. James, succeeded to the barony in 1932. He is a Liberal peer who has given special attention to civic affairs and the relation of monetary policy to production.

Claud Mullins has made a name for himself as a Metropolitan Police Court magistrate. Formerly on the administrative staff of the London County Council he came into prominence after the War by his work on special governmental committees, and later was appointed Chairman of the Court of Referees (Unemployment Insurance) in 1930. In recent years he has shown a passionate concern for the matrimonial troubles of the men and women of th poorer classes, and through his method of conciliation at the South Wester Police Court has helped to mend man a marriage which might otherwise hav been broken up over some triflin maladjustment. He is the author of number of books on this aspect of th divorce question and a keen student o law reform.

Fred Clarke is a connoisseur of th problems of the British Commonwealt with unrivalled first-hand experience The first Professor of Education at th University College, Southampton, h exchanged that post for the Chair o Education of the University of Cap Town which he held from 1911-1929 After that he was for five years a McGill University, Montreal, and sinc 1936 he has been Director of th Institute of Education, University o London.

Elizabeth Wiskemann is a clos student of the affairs of Central Europ who has written previously in ou pages. She recently revisited Polan and has presented in her article complete picture of the varied politica scene.

Diplomaticus knows Hungary inti mately and—a quality rare indee among Englishmen—has a complet command of the Magyar language.

Major Raven-Hart is an indefatigabl canoer. At present he is "on the water" at Killarney and he is completing his trip by a visit to the rivers o Scotland.